









THE
IDEAL LIFE

BY
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Dedicated

TO MY LITTLE NAMESAKE

ELLA MOSBY SMITH.



A brow with sunny hair:
Looks, such as child-angels wear
When they judge you through and through
With a brave and sweet regard;
Lips, that kisses might award
If your soul did shine out true.

CONTENTS.



PART I.—THE INDIVIDUAL LIFE.

Chap.	Page.
I. Unconscious Growth.....	7
II. "After his Kind".....	21
III. The Human Body.....	35
IV. The New Inheritance.....	49

PART II.—IDEALS AND MYTHS OF THE RACES.

I. True History.....	57
II. The Hebraic Spirit of Pilgrimage.....	75
III. The Greek ideal, or the Feast.....	85
IV. The Germanic Spirit of Conflict.....	101
V. Ideal Forms of Government.....	121

PART III.—THE ARTISTIC LIFE.

I. The Uses of Art.....	139
II. The Materials of Art— I. Landscape.....	155
III. The Materials of Art—II. Folk-lore.....	166
IV. Suggestions of Architecture.....	186
V. Sculpture.....	197
VI. Pictures, and the Painter.....	210
VII. The Music of Life.....	226
VIII. Poetry.....	237

IDEAL LIFE.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

INDIVIDUAL LIFE.

UNCONSCIOUS GROWTH.

IT is Spring, and the whole world is green ; green overhead, where the wind and the tree-tops talk together as it "*bloweth where it listeth* ;" green lower down where the nests hang between floating lights and shadows in the leafy boughs, and unseen winged things twitter and stir in the verdant silence ; green under foot where the lush meadow grasses grow thick by every pool and limpid stream. The Spring is abroad ; in the air, which is resonant and vibrant with all clear, sweet sounds ; in the orchards, where the fruit-trees stand by night with a white spray and mist of blossoms in the silvery moonshine ; and, in the long pastures, green and fresh and sweet, where the herds of cattle wander at their will.

This is a thought from the divine mind, wrought out through cheery hail, flakey snow-storms and beating rains, even as the full, rich harvest-tide will be brought forth out of the hot silent noons and swift nights of summer. The divine artist does not weary, nor grow impatient because this exquisite picture needs long processes of heat and moisture; though the seed must sleep, the pale buds awaken slowly and the petals fall again to dust before the final ripening.

Every human life is also a divine thought. I think it lives forever in the divine mind, lovely, whole, full of the blood of life, and is the vital soul of that restless, marred and half obliterated image which we see in these troubled waters. He seeks always to give us its full realization, its lost symmetry and serenity. With infinite peace it is done, for He builds for our long immortality, and sees with divine insight in every life, however crippled, or poor, or weak, somewhat of the infinite and eternal which survives.

So day after day comes the new beginning; so night after night, the rest. I believe there are beautiful meanings in the pause of the darkness, as well as in the active work of the light. In the day we often forget what manner of men we might be. Only in the quiet shadows do we dare look into the face of our ideal life, and see

its loveliness. For then we have laid aside, if but for a little while, our resistance, our worldliness, our self-consciousness. As the parable says of the higher kingdom, it is "as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and the seed should spring and grow up, *he knoweth not how.*" So unconscious is the soul's growth; through the long winter nights when the snow falls soft and noiseless on the roof, and we remember those we love with tears that do not hurt as they flow; in the short nights of Summer, when the windows are all open to the moon, and sometimes a bird sings out, loud and clear, from the orchard trees, or the bells of the cattle ring down by the meadow brook. Ringing and singing into the very heart of slumber and dreams; the song and the bell sound on, so sweet, so distinct, and yet so far away, and a vision of green summer lands, a vision of peace, seems to arise and float before our sleeping eyes, and does not quite fade when we awaken.

The colors of memory, as McDonald says, shine out clearest and fairest in the dark. In our sleep we grow back into our childhood, and doubtless it is so that humanity keeps alive in its innermost heart the eternal child. It is not yesterday or to-day that we remember in our dreams; it is the foolish trouble of our early years, and their innocent and small delights.

When the eyes of the man, old and tired, close at night, he sees the yellow harvest fields and the pastures where the sheep were feeding on their knees, the gabled roof of the old home, and the shy, brown bird, and her brood, which the boy watched. He hears her tiny piping and the nestlings chirp, and the children laugh out again in the narrow lane. So the old years are woven through our present hours in one seamless and imperishable fabric. For "the divine providence of the Lord is in all and single things, yea, in the very least of all, and regards that which is eternal."

It is only our own littleness, our own limitations, which dwarf our earth and lower our horizon. The great patience of God brings forth one blade of grass after another, one thought of truth after another for the certain harvest-time. All things minister to the new creation and birth. There is nothing more wonderful to me than the divine patience in its slow and silent use of these ministries. It is so strongly contrasted with our burden of unrest, our solicitude and burning impatience, our unfruitful haste, or our listless and cold waiting. The author, whom I have before quoted, beautifully says of the divine providence, that in its still and stately following it is like a stream, by which whoso trusts himself and his life unto its

current, is "bourne on to continual felicities, whatever may be the appearance of the means." Only this faith, fully absorbed with one's love, can give that serene atmosphere of peace in which the ideal, or heavenly life can be attained, for we are most often led by experiences which appear untoward or opposed, by long delays, suspense and disappointments. These are repeated, more or less, in each day's round, and they seem to make our life bare, ugly and imperfect, but they are, in truth, the greatest aids to sure and well-balanced spiritual growth. Our interruptions are sometimes the truer work, because they have less of self-will and vanity than our own plans.

Could we be brought into an ideal household, that is, an angelic one, and see there with close look, its daily and familiar work and amusements—you remember St. Bernard, of Clung, says:—

"For there they live in such delight,
Such pleasures and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Does seem as yesterday!"

Could we witness their common moods of thought and feeling, I think the first trait which would strike us as most unlike an earthly home, would be their peace, which is, after all, but a

glorified patience. When the angels teach an ignorant and blinded mind, they are not impatient with its blunders, for their insight perceives the winged soul, beautiful even in the sleep of the chrysalis, and they give it the warmth and light of loving truth, without which it cannot awaken. If they themselves do not fully comprehend one of those truths, "which they desire to look into," they see before them a joyous and unfolding eternity, and are best pleased to await God's time of revelation.

When they watch even beside the death-bed of the evil, they are in no haste to go on to a higher work of love. They do not ask of what use is this, if he should not enter heaven at last. They keep all silently some thought of eternal life in the weak and darkening mind, and look tenderly upon the wasted face until the white peace of their faces is reflected even there. This comfort, this rest, seems to them, and to the dear Lord who sends them, enough for all their desires and efforts so long as they are needed. When the soul afterwards awakens into his own conscious and deformed life, he will leave them, they will not leave him. And with the sorrowful and innocent who die, oh, how tender is their vigil. We scarcely realize, we who see so much of the bodily pain before, what dying may become. A pathetic writer of our

day, tells us of a poor, neglected, maltreated boy, and his peaceful end among friends who at last found him. "Now, he murmured, I am happy! He fell into a light slumber, and waking, smiled as before; then spoke of beautiful gardens, which he said stretched out before him, and were filled with figures of men, women and many children, all with light upon their faces, then whispered that it was Eden—and so died."

But if this last work of all is done so lovingly, how gently, and with what infinite care, are the beginnings of life dealt with? No harsh thought jars upon the little children in such a home, no untender word, no troubled look. The tinted scroll-like flower buds do not unfold themselves more freely to the sun of May than these innocent souls to the light of love.

There are such homes in heaven, there might be such homes on earth if we would. In this life, if any, we must find our rest, and that unconscious and spontaneous growth which is true vitality. Do we understand after all what it means to say "our life." Not the day's routine that comes and goes, not something that is shuffled off at last, but that which lives in us, and abides always. In that there must be rest to-day, or you will not find it hereafter, for your life is yourself, you cannot exorcise it, or put it down, you cannot disintegrate yourself from its

elements. Yet it needs but patience to grow into the heavenly image, for the heavens wait longingly upon man to give him of their light and love and bloom as he will receive. Open your soul earnestly and with desire, put aside the obstacles of the false, and the evil; and against all inborn antagonisms you will change and grow, not of yourself, but of God. Only be not too hastily discouraged, or drawn aside. Michael Angelo once said that genius was eternal patience, for he saw how freely it was given to every soul that unswervingly waited and worked. But there is yet more. For truth is eternal patience with difficulties and mistakes and blindness; love is (with each other) eternal patience in bearing the inconstancies and weakness of human hearts. *Patience* and *passion* (in its truest sense,) spring from the same root, and indeed the same principle of force and fire is in both applied diversely in action or in endurance. Above all is God eternal patience with our failures and murmurs. I could almost say that to learn this is to learn the chief lesson in life; certainly without it you learn nothing.

By its aid you will at last know that no life is incapable of ideal form; and that a failure in act is not irreparable, if the desire for the brightest and best survives, and keeps unbroken the image of the manhood within. The whole upheaval

and up-breathing of the world comes from individual desires and efforts. It is like the scene between Mephistopheles and Valentine in Gounod's *Faust*, our deeds may shiver to pieces like the sword before the enemy's power, but even though despairingly we lift up the cross-shaped hill of aspiration before him, he pauses, trembles and succumbs. For it is the love, rather than the act; the spirit, not the word, which conquers all things.

There are *two* ideals in the heart of every man who strives for a better life, the heavenly home, the possible angel, and toward these his longing shapes all outer event and circumstance. These two thoughts of the "new earth," the higher man, are the inspirations of humanity, and stir in all revolutions, emancipations and social reforms. They are the mediums of the new birth of the individual and the race, and make of all earnest labor everywhere, of the brain or body, of the heart or tongue, one symmetrical and living form. Its growth has been surely, though by slow degrees, through all recorded ages, creeping on from point to point against mistakes and treacheries, but steadily casting aside as refuse all work that has not this living end, the regeneration of the world, human and inanimate. You see a vast army of workers abroad, digging the Suez canal, sinking

artesian wells, draining foul marshes, cultivating waste places, exploring strange lands, pouring forth life as water to touch these ends. You see them in the cities and inhabited countries, enunciating hard truths, toiling over dark problems, saving little children from the mire, holding out hands of help to the fallen men and women, comforting the sick and destitute, making the bond free, telling of Christ the One Divine Man, to those who know Him not. It is the heart beating, and the lungs breathing through one body, and the life is one and from heaven.

The living picture of the home you would so love, comes without doubt from the angelic households. And your human ideal, that invisible counselor and judge of the earnest soul, is the form which the grand Humanity of the heavens impresses on all human thought and love. For you must see Truth incarnated before you follow it, you will not desire to reform until you behold living features, aglow with strong and generous thoughts, a human face, kindled with all pure and lovely impulses. You cannot go out from such a presence, and straightway do an ignoble or cruel act. It holds you with invisible bonds. Nor will the cheerless and disorderly dwelling be changed unless one sees in his mind the bright fire on the well-swept hearth, the dewy garden fragrant with flowers,

which a pure and strong human life brings around it. For the spiritual life in you seems always to realize things on the outer and visible side. When there is no such effort, existence is like a glove from which the living hand has been withdrawn, limp, helpless, and empty, a mere form and covering of vacuity.

A thing rejected,
Which life thrusts by, all imperfected.

How easily we recognize those in whom the spiritual life is a moving force! We find a stimulus, a moral strength in their companionship, a light and warmth in their atmosphere. We all know the sense of quiet friendliness which we draw unconsciously from the sight of a bright fire. It seems to rest one to come within its charmed circle, the low murmuring of the flames hushes our cares, a thousand cheerful fancies kindle in its glow. What sunshine is to a landscape, what the fire is to a chamber, attracting, instinctively, the first look, the first smile from all who enter, so is a life, lighted from within, to its own neighborhood. Almost without knowing it, we utter our best thoughts to such a friend, we tell him our dreams of what we would feign achieve, not for ourselves, but others. We feel strong beside him, his life incites us to unselfish deeds, to sincere words,

to warm feelings. He is the living and personal form of a spiritual force acting upon us.

One, who is so thoroughly "to heaven acclimated," whose soul lives in that unseen world, does not quickly grow old and tired, as men do so early in our feverish and over-tasked life. For we are economists with our soil, our fuel, our metals, our stones,—we call them precious,—but we waste fearfully the one wonderful and irrevocable motive force—life. We fritter it away, we wear it out, we break its vitality, we weary of it, we desperately or causelessly thrust it off, this one unknown and priceless possession whereby we attain the celestial eternity. We use it so recklessly that we are old in the years of our prime; and this spiritual youth, which only the higher life ensures, is one of the rarest and strongest graces of our age. But sympathy with all things good and pure, loyalty to the heavenly kingdom does keep fresh the bloom of the heart. There is a breeziness, a "sea-tingle," a flavor about the thoughts of such a one, which more intellectual minds may wholly lack. It is the old story of the clod and its fragrance sometimes, for this grace may exist apart from culture and talent.

"One day

A wanderer found a lump of clay;
So redolent of rare perfume,
Its odor sweetened all the room.

‘What art thou?’ was his quick demand.
‘Art thou some gum from Samarcand,
Or Spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise.’

‘Nay; if my secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling near the Rose’.

This is the power that lies within the true communion of saints. The rose of eternal and spiritual beauty—the bloom of ideal good—sheds such fragrance that even those who come into outer association and contact gain something of its ineffable aroma. All the world are heirs of heroic and true souls.

“Who rowing hard against the stream,
See distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream.”

The open vision and realization are indeed only won so,—by combats and temptations,—by “rowing hard against the stream.” Many things must be given up,—ambitions, vanities, forms of self-will and pride,—when renunciation is like the tearing of the beating heart from the still living and suffering body. Many things also are to be deferred in this incomplete earthly life,—many special opportunities, outside advantages,—for sometimes the victor must run without weights to touch the goal. And so we often work on with eyes so blinded by tears,

with such weary hands, such discouraged, doubting hearts, that we do not see the great design unfolding itself in and through us.

But the outlines grow, the colors deepen. It is as M. Saintine said of music: "if you look outwardly you will be troubled by the grating sounds with which they make accord, the contracted faces of the musicians, the whimsical and ungraceful forms of the instruments; you must listen with your soul to feel the full and gracious harmonies that flow from this same orchestra." So put away your personal loss and disappointment, and make the great longing for unity, coincident impulses, quickening tides of sympathy in this world of humanity; and against all cowardice and denial, you will cry, as Galileo cried of the rolling earth:

"*E pur si muove!*" "And still it moves."

CHAPTER II.

“AFTER HIS KIND.”

WE belong to one body of humanity. The same spiritual life-blood courses through every vein, and the same nervous strength tingles in the branching fibres. But every man recognizes in himself a separate individuality, a subtle sense of identity rounding the sphere which sets him apart from his brethren. The rythmeric systole and diastole do not rise and fall alike in any two hearts. We see the strongest manifestation of this separating force in the faculty which we call genius.

A certain family for generation after generation may lead quiet and unnoticed lives,—buying, selling, working, marrying and giving in marriage, after the common way of their neighbors,—ruled by the superstitions and faiths of their time, dying at last without visible impress on their race. But all at once the type changes. One of their blood arises, who does not feel

with them nor think their thoughts,—to whom life means more and differently,—who hears “a voice speaking,” and sees a vision, who talks in strange phrases of virtues, and truths, and powers. At first, his country-people, his neighbors, his kinsmen, do not understand, or worse still, *misunderstand* him; he is regarded by all with doubt, by many with dislike and derision. In after years mankind will acknowledge him as a Dante, an Angelo, a Beethoven, or on a higher and more spiritual plane, a Paul, a Savonarola, a Luther, but many valleys of isolation and shadow must be passed through first.

It is thus our poets, our teachers, our prophets arise from the masses around them, and with vast leaps of thought bridge over the chasm that lies between the dreams of their own age and the attainments of the next. And the spiritual loveliness that is shown forth in them, shines on, and rules the minds of succeeding generations, as the moon sways the turbulent sea-tides below her. He, who gives to his race a new thought of truth, a new ideal of virtue, moves the world so far forward on the road that winds higher and nearer heaven.

These larger orbits of light are traced visibly before us, but could we read unwritten history, we would find each one of the common multitude as far apart from his fellows; as I have

said, individual in love, influence and life.— Though we are indeed but fractional parts of the integral age now, we are as truly separate integers in which long lines of ancestry culminate. We cannot excuse ourselves from exertion by saying that we have no power, for the power of all these is in us. We may not urge that our age is not heroic, and therefore we cannot be so, for it is the heroic part to strive against an unheroic age. It is ours to see that we make it one whit fairer, not to reproach or accuse it with hands idly folded before us. There is need for us to show to this busy, jostling world why we are here at all, to prove ourselves called. The phraseology which the old Calvinists delighted in, of the “calling and election” to be made sure, means this, if it mean anything good or true; for we are all called to form the new heavens and earth, towards which the creation groans and strains. And in the great temple of humanity, no stone, where such is significant, can be thrown aside, or hewn and chiseled after another’s likeness.

There is possible symmetry for all when joined together in their right places. When it is done—that is heaven; our part is only the preparation of our stones,—the “joining together,”—the “right places,” are the work of the Master builder.

Our life is often so false, so unshapely, that we have to go back to the beginning to see the elements of good at all. When we reach the harder adult years, it is by faith only, we aver that the folded wings of love, the sleeping infancy, are there. But what, after all, is genius or greatness of soul, if it be not a return to childlike simplicity and directness, to the childlike freshness of vision? This is marked in all our truly great men; it is only the keeping their individuality, as children must, but as grown people rarely do. I do not think we do justice to the profound perceptions of childhood, for we forget our own, and others are unexpressed. I remember once having two play-mates. One I loved ardently, and our time passed in perfect harmony and pleasure, but with the other I had misunderstandings and little troubles as all children have, and I do not think I was ever very fond of her. But I parted from the first with perfect content, while the going of the other was greeted with passionate grief and bitter tears. It was the perfect satisfaction I had felt in the one case that comforted me; it was to me an unmarred enjoyment laid aside to be taken up again, and certainly my own; but the other had all the sting of an unfinished, incomplete and spoiled possession. It never would be anything but a pleasure that might have been so

much greater; and I cried, not for the loss of the personal presence, which I do not think I regretted, but the pang of incompleteness. I have often felt the same since with a dimmer apprehension. Love holds its own, to its breast, surely, closely, without loss. But the things we do not love, the things that are always jarring because the melody is never quite touched, are those that hurt us. It is our incompetence, our disloyalty, that pierces so deep, and with such sharp thrusts into the soul.

Such swift, flashing conceptions as we find in these childish experiences, flying straight to the centre of the thing aimed at, are, as we shall hereafter see, those of poetry and the arts. But believe that somewhat of this same nature lives, though unseen, in every one; even as no features are so uncouth or base that they do not sometimes wear to the mother's sight,—that earthly vision most akin to the divine,—the child-look of her nursling. That exquisite truth was touched when Christ, surrounded by his followers, chose a little child, and with the significant action of the east, "set him in the midst of them." "In the midst," mark that, for it means much; the midst or center always relating to the purest vitality and clearest light.

The universal application of this is illustrated by the inanimate world, for in every material—

iron, bronze, wood or stone—there sleeps, as the artist well knows, some beautiful form, or thought of art, which may be wrought out after its kind. But only “after its kind.” The ideal forms of stone are not coincident with those of the softer and more flexible wood, nor does the bronze, whose rich coloring still seems to settle and glow with golden fervors of heat, contain the same ideal forms of the colder iron. So there is but one man—or one woman—who could or should live out your ideal—you yourself. To believe and accept this, saves us from many disappointments, mistakes and failures. Each soul has his own “life-kingdom;” let him conquer and rule therein, but let his neighbor’s boundaries be held sacred. A riddle is given to each mind to solve for itself, and the “familiar spirit” whispers in each heart in its dark hours. But concern yourself not with other men’s conflicts over-much; exorcise your own evil, and then the meagre form of duty will be changed into the radiant presence of love, and you can aid them.

Yet it is not strange that we lose sight of our individuality at times, when we move in such a world of shadows and masques. Even our bodies are borrowed. Who knows how many before us have used this same lime, phosphorous, nitrogen, and these essential earthly

salts? In our traits, habits and even tricks of gesture, old ancestries survive; the manners with which we conceal our moods are old clothes worn by many others. The words with which we woo, and fondle our babes, nay, which die on our dying lips are not our own. Even our sins are imitative; you remember what George Eliot says of the "insipid misdoing" of servile characters, who do not originate a fault. Knowing all these things, it is wonderful that we do not wholly lose the sense of reality. But now and then comes a moment of vision, and as the old stories say, we are "aware of a presence." It may be only the sensitive quiver of thought which lights up a well-known face, a footstep that pauses silently and lovingly beside you, a tender and pleading touch from trembling fingers, but it is enough. The dear soul you love reveals itself in its own likeness, or perhaps the voice to which you are listening, half inattentive, suddenly breaks into low, soft *adagio* tones,—it is as if a hand had thrust itself into the dark of your soul and felt for the hidden keys,—and lo, all the sweet harmonies flowed forth! Strangely obedient now, you will follow whither the impulse leads you, for you know the voice, it is that of the true king.

"Not Lancelot's, no, another's."

This indefinable sphere of man's individual life seems, when once recognized, to haunt all inhabited places. Have you not noticed how something of a human presence lingers around all houses that have been also homes? The door never quite loses the sense of entrance to you; and in the silence the conscious floor hears and strains with echoes and faint footfalls that are gone. You fancy sometimes, after your friends leave you, that you still hear them opening the wicket gate, and coming down the long graveled walk, as perhaps they often do in imagination, or remembrance. It is a pleasant thought after all to haunt a place with love, as the white rose of summer fills the place of its blooming with its disembodied spirit of fragrance.

I once had a negro nurse, who, like all of her sable race, was very fond of hymns. I can almost imagine now the dusky outlines of the figure, sitting over the dying coals and embers in the twilight, and singing low to herself of—

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Where *our* possessions lie.”

Until the dark around her seemed to glimmer with their verdure and flowers. And thinking of “our possessions” which shall remain our own, this same line, “the phantom of a silent song,” sings itself again in my mind. I trust

that the sweet fields of our father's country will not be utterly strange, for I dare to believe that our landscapes and dwellings and even types of face will be rather transfigured and glorified than wholly destroyed. All these weave themselves into our separate individuality which is a divine gift. Fidelity to one's country, love of kindred, the tender remembrance of beloved things and scenes, are the broken lights from an infinite love shining on our troubled lives, and shall not be extinguished but exalted hereafter. Could the Egyptian forget the swelling of his sacred river, or the still unfolding of the lotus flower, leaf after leaf? These have been to him perhaps symbols of the highest power, and the most perfect tranquillity he has known, and instruct him of better things. The eternal world, which is given for ever, is full of such imagery, of the lifting up of floods, of the rejoicing of green trees, of the lily's royal blossom.

I doubt whether we ever lose anything that was truly our own, of our life. The tender grace of a day that is dead, returns in the next Spring-time. Does not the earth look lifeless, the woods all bare, dry, skeleton-like, the ground brown and hard? But look out again, hear the rustle of the springing boughs through which the "fountain of sap"* is sending up its unseen

*Tyrwhit.

spray, and see the dancing sunshine, and the golden green lights sifting betwixt the leaves! Mark how each tree grows after its own laws and loving desire, each alike, but differing from its fellows. Nothing is lacking; and is the resurrection of the soul's desire less certain? All these might teach us many a truth, of assured faith and certain restitution and freedom in the appointed way. Note the caprices of the grasses and heather—and the wild will of the winds—the clouds and flying spray—all following some hidden law however—and see how freely their life is fulfilled, and they go down into the dust to be again surely renewed as in the first, sweet, individual fullness of existence.

While we are longing to bring back the "days that are not"—the lost years—they are still with us, and have never been parted from our essential life. The past is "unforgettable," as a certain strong writer says, and lives in present work and present pleasure, in business on Wall street, in political elections, in house-building and in merry-making. Night and its dreams talk of it, and as we lie awake in the late hours, the darkness will seem to grow alive, peopled with faces and movements and gestures of the past. Our experiences, practical and poetic, are the many thresholds which we must cross before entering the last household of love, but

there "our possessions" await us to be ours forever.

I have already spoken of the distinctness of the characters of little children. This baby girl is full of caprices and fancies, while that one is as flexible as soft clay in the hands of one she loves. This child is robust and lively, and delights in whips and guns and dogs, while another, more tender, rejoices over the little kitten, cries out with rapture at the sight of another baby face, and will run after the young brood of yellow, downy chickens all the day long. A third will put on a sweet mimicry of maturity with her unshapely doll, and rule with zeal over her miniature household.

It is noticeable how true the art of the renaissance is to the individuality of childhood, not only the period of dawning youth, audacious, joyful and free, in which the Greeks delighted, but also the more helpless phases of babyhood. There are Correggio's Infants, tender and smiling, who play with palms; the Children who sing in angelic choirs, each face kindled into brighter life by the sweet melody; the Assumption of the Virgin, with the child angels brightening all the air, and the sea of upturned faces from the earth; the Holy Child, who plays wonderingly with the fingers of a woman near him. There are Raphael's beautiful babes, happy and at

rest in their mother's arms. Raphael so loves childhood that even in his *School of Athens*, he has introduced an old man who bears a child in his arms, consulting one of the philosophers concerning the formation of his character; and the child, like Raphael himself on the right, does not look at all at the wise men present, but at *you*, the spectator, and plays and laughs unabashed. For the child is royal in his own unconscious power, and is not bent by humanity, but bends humanity into a gracious likeness for the while of its own sweet ways.

Fra Angelico's angels are all childlike; Lionardo Da Vinci peculiarly excels in his lovely rendering of that touching and exquisite solemnity which one sees on the faces of very young children; Michael Angelo's children are strong and sad with that look that is marked on the faces of a conquered race that was once free, but are true to childhood in their silent innocence. But above all was Giotto first to give in his paintings of the legends of the church, the sanctity of the human household, and its centre of love and peace—the baby life. As the colors are brightest and the texture softest in that part of the flower nearest its germ, or seed, so in the home every voice is hushed into softer tones, and every face drops its harsher looks when we come into

the presence of the child. In our own age our first portrait-painters are those who delight most in pictures of childhood, as for instance Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. No one who has ever seen can forget the sweet face of Sir Joshua Reynolds' little strawberry girl, that looks as if it had bloomed out in some far off country lane, white with blooming vines, or his picture of the infant princess with the soft white innocent face close beside the angry little terrier, or sweetest of all, his picture of Penelope Boothby, the four-year-old child who used to run to greet her father at his coming, and whose death is written, darkest of all, in his "Book of sorrows." That little face, under the quaint old-fashioned cap, is not like any other child; those innocent dark eyes, that tender wistful small mouth, were painted for a father's eyes, which saw but this one little child—but *one*—in all this wide world.

I suppose that the deepest insight into the distinctive likeness of each soul could only be gained in the heaven of little children, for these have never passed through our states of doubt, deceit and mechanical, lifeless work, but have kept fresh and whole the first images of their lives. Do you remember Raphael's ideal conception of an angelic childhood. In his Madonna Di San Sisto are two child-angels, both ador-

ing, both loving, joyous and without fear, but utterly distinct from each other. The one rests his chin on his soft palm, musing, with the profound thoughts of infancy, on this strange glory of incarnation. The other, with tender cheek leaning on the little arm, only feels the love and light, and rejoices restfully in its shining, with eyes full up-raised to the Child Christ.

When a child dies, the only shadow of his death falls behind him. He is "gathered to his own." Be you sure that the angels who receive him wear his mother's look and likeness. They never seem strange or far-off to a little child even here. It is very sad for us always when the "little body grows a weary of the great world" when the sun ray that trembled on our earth awhile is drawn back in light. But heaven is for them, more than for older souls who have been weaned from its life, a native country whose landscapes, white with bloom and dew, wear a home sweetness, and whose presence are beloved and familiar. Surely at their going

"Some smiling angel close shall stand
In old Correggio's fashion,
Holding a lily in his hand
For deaths' *annunciation*."

CHAPTER III.

THE HUMAN BODY.

“**Y**OU touch heaven,” says Novalis, “when you lay your hands on a human body.” There is indeed nothing more exquisite on earth than this in its full loveliness, so tender, so beautiful, so living, that its touch or look seems to melt your heart with wonder and love. Some faces are like poems; the soft, moonlit smile around the child-like mouth, the long, silken lashes, the pathetic and musing eyes, fill you with thoughts which no words can tell. The swelling curves and fine outlines, the color of cheek and lip, and the lighted gloss of the hair, have their meaning. Browning writes a poem of a lover, who sat by the beloved and motionless figure, and placed in the dead fingers a flower, with his troth. He speaks to her still, though she cannot hear.

“ The time will come—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay ?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium’s red ;
And what you will do with me in fine,
In the new life come in the old one’s stead.”

All the laws of which we know, act upon the human body. It seems to stand as a centre between the outer and inner worlds, and the lungs of life, breathing out and in, through the great processes of incarnation and resurrection, have their fullest respiration here. The Hindoo avatars, the Greek myths, show how strongly the minds of different races had grasped the thought of incarnation. Ourselves indeed all our life long are incarnating idea and desire into fleshy lineament, into form and color. The spiritual influences of the high and good are continually taking shape and substance around them. All these material and solid things about us are but some intangible thought in form. So also is the great process of resurrection perpetually in action, bringing up from the dead the vanished good of man’s nature, out of lost art or science, new inspirations ; out of buried nationalities, new citizenships ; out of dust and stone, cities and gardens of flowers. And we believe that man is born into the body, a living

soul, and arises out of it an immortal spirit. The incarnation and resurrection of the divine life move the valves of all derived existence, and breathe into it the rising and falling breath of life.

By inheritance the spirit of our lives is incarnated in our children. No rare palimpsest, no old parchment, over whose strange characters the antiquarian lingers, noting the slightest jot or curve of the cypher, has so many records of old races and years as the fresh, fair child whose days seem to have the dew of the morning upon them. Our shadows may fall far along this line, and our natures are more surely inherited than our lands. What is mere habit, custom, manner in one generation, becomes impulse and instinct, or fixed trait, in the next. All culture and discipline of character, however hard and uneasily borne by the first, are transmuted into facility and special talent in those who succeed them. The perfection of handicraft, as of scholarship, is attained only in that lineage, where heir after heir assumes the father's work, and excellence is a family tradition. All intellectual skill and ease, the one gift of genius excepted, are transmitted from sire to son, as are also all moral graces, save the divine change and regeneration. It is thus a race and age grows, by little achievements of the individual

life, a fault conquered, a good impulse carried into act, a beautiful thing seen or heard.

We find some curious traces of habits at times in the inherited looks and ways of a child, some old grandsire's musing in the soft, knitted baby brow, and the eyes opened with so puzzled and wide a look into the sunlight, some old sorrow in the yearning, wistful face of the infant, some distorted soul in the distant lineage, disturbing those boyish features from their right clearness. You see quickly where the mental nourishment has been rich and pure, and where the blood of life has run sluggishly. Those lonesome children, who give you a sense of cold somewhere, come of adverse or undeveloped natures, narrow and restrained. They are

“Like sweet bells, jangled out of tune, and harsh.”

Also through the body we are placed in sympathy with inanimate nature; our pulses and breathings and heart throbs, “beating time and keeping time with all the auras and airs of the universe.” In the Spring our limbs feel the stirring of new life, as the trees feel the fresh sap flowing through every veined fibre, and our fancies seem to follow the winds in their going.

“For the boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,”

says the old Northland song. As far away are their desires and dreams, as the long sweep of this rushing wind, which goes, no man knoweth whither. The phlegmatic faces of peasants in a rural district hold something of the slow, stolid life of herbs and grasses. Some characters indeed have a woody growth, full of *knots* and *nots*, and their experiences are excrescences rather than inward transformation and increase. While man sets his mark of dominion on the earth, he gains some likeness also to the things among which he lives, and the inhabitants of mountain and plain are as unlike as their localities.*

So nature has power to move us,
Because of the kinship known;
For the tree and the river live in us,
And not in their life alone.

We see in man, whose automatic life is governed by the sun—resting at his setting and arising at his appearance—a higher life, also, which looks upward, and builds for eternity, and stands as a central point to many lower lives which look downward, which build only for a day or a few weeks at most, and whose natural pursuits of feeding or hunting are carried on

*See the feuds between the Highlands and Lowlands in Scotland.

with most ardor during the hours of darkness. The human and animal natures are *inverse* to each other, and yet by our bodily instincts and desires we are also akin to them, when innocent, to the happy, careless lives of bright woodland creatures; when ignoble, to ravening beasts and things that creep and crawl. If the animal is introduced into the household life, he seems to feel this bond, and even to catch some shadowy resemblance to man. This is especially true of the sympathetic and faithful dog. We not unfrequently notice a master and dog that are excellent companion pieces, so truthfully does the humbler comrade reproduce his owner's air and bearing. If the man is mortified or depressed, how quickly the poor dog hangs his head as if the trouble were his own, but if the master is elate, the creature beside him rejoices in his pleasures, and even regards all his fellow-dogs, whom he chances to meet on the street, with an air of genteel and superior complacency which it is comical to observe. Landseer, above all other artists, most admirably depicts these moods and "society airs" in the canine pet, as well as his greater traits of devotion and loyalty.

Art has indeed always recognized in these lives, which attend like shadows our own fuller existence, a significance, as symbolic, and ex-

pressive of the principles within us. The old Greek artists rarely give you a God or a Goddess without its accompanying bird or beast, or even flower. Very often the Christian artist uses contrast as well as sympathy; but either in one way or another, the lower creature is used to tell you again the thought which the human figures express, forming, as it were, a full and complete chord. Albert Dürer adds to the divine innocence of the Holy Child, the sportive and innocent ignorance of the dumb creature; in Titian's Holy Family, at the Louvre, the idea of infancy and brooding fate are sustained by the tender white rabbit and the black lamb lying in the darkness of the shadow. Veronese introduces a spaniel in his interview between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, as if purposely to contrast the petulance of the lower nature with the stately converse of the higher. The white dove, the lamb and the lily, are continually used in Christian art to heighten the ideas of purity and innocence, so especially characteristic of its conceptions. In the pictures of the Adoration, the horned and still cattle at the manger, are not without meaning; they signify by their mute presence, the full rounding of the circle of worship, which the wise men of the East offer to the Infant King of Heaven, and earth and all earth's creatures unite in.

But the superior significance of the human form, its priority of place, its fullness of meaning by itself, are never lost sight of in a worthy conception. Leonardo da Vinci, in his treatise on painting, makes every line and attitude of importance, the proud or subdued pose of the head, the forward or backward inclination of the body, the softness of rounded and childish limbs, or the dry and sharp outlines of age, the swelling breast of the virgin or the muscular arm of the hero. Nothing is too slight to be noted, the wrinkle of care, the dimple of youth, the shadow beneath the eyes, the proud and dilating nostril, the full veins in the throat, the delicate and flexible lines of the mouth, are each, in its turn, indicative and characteristic, to the painter even more than the poet. I have told you Robert Browning's beautiful dream of Evelyn Hope's fair and girlish face; going back a little farther, we find Rembrandt's etchings of human hands, which are full of human history. "A master's rapid facility," says a modern reviewer, "and a master's power are in every hand which Rembrandt has drawn prominently. Note the fat hands of Renier, Ansloo,—that stolid, Anabaptist minister,—and the fine, discriminating hand of Clement de Jonghe, the print-seller, a man accustomed to the deft fingering of delicate papers. Note too, the nervous

hand of that brooding student, Haaring, the younger, whom one knows to have been something finer than a common auctioneer. And for physical feebleness seen in an old man's hand, mark the wavering hand of Haaring, the elder. For physical strength in an old man's hand,—a tenacious hand for sure, yet subtle uses,—see the sinewy craftsman's hand of Lutma."

There is indeed scarcely a thought or desire which does not instantaneously thrill from the soul throughout all the nerves and fibres of our hands. When warm palm meets palm in the grasp of friendship, or touch of love, it is as if one spirit had felt the spirit of another. Swedenborg says that the Angels read our ruling lives in our hands—written there with unerring palmistry—at the judgment of the soul. The hands are always true to the life, and change with its growth and quality and decay. What a difference there is between the little, innocent baby-fingers, rosy and clinging—the quick, eager hands of the child—the dainty palm of the woman, with its fluttering pulsations, or the firm hand of the man, strong to hold or strike—the wasted, groping fingers of the aged—and last of all, the cold white hands folded to rest. They are all full of significance, for the daily life has incarnated itself in them.

Believe me that the very life of true art is the deep acknowledgment of the "awful soul

which dwells in clay," and which cannot be ignored or denied without fatal loss. You cannot remember this too often. It is because of this indwelling presence that love may stretch its hand from one world to another, and does not know division. You have a friend in India perhaps, and one in the next room. You think of the one so far off, and the smile—the uplook—his little trick or gesture—every mole and scar, even, are as familiar, and as fully present as the other. This power which the soul holds of inward companionship is wonderful. It is not limited either by space or time. I suppose that we never passed a figure on the street, or spoke a forgotten word, or did some trifling act of kindness or unkindness, but it will arise again some day, clear and distinct, within our remembrance.

“Es kann die spur von unsern Erdentagen
Nicht in Æonem untergehn.”

That same law of resurrections which brings up the dawn out of the night—the lily from its bulb—the chrysalis from the silken cocoon—the winged bird from the white oval of the egg—the embryo from the womb, and the spirit from its dead body, brings to every man, however unbelieving and materialistic in theory, a sense of living presence when his heart turns to his

departed. It is like the wonderful resurrection morning, this memory of love, in whose dark stirs "life and life and life."

The father need only see

"The little shoe in the corner,
All worn and crumpled and brown,
Its motionless hollow confutes him,
And argues his logic down."

For the tears start, and the little form which he misses, flashes back into distinctness and nearness.

And this soul, which overleaps time and death and pain, can it perish in dust? Here again is the brute nature inverse from the human. The faithful creature pines away, and cannot be comforted, when it no longer sees the face, nor hears the voice that it loves, for spiritual vision and nearness are impossible to it. The dog howls and whines when he is shut out from his master, because bodily presence is his all. It is only the human heart that "dreams of the absent face all day;" its loss alone is known to the animal.

The whole personality—soul and body—must be comprehended in your love, if you would be satisfied. When beauty, or talent, or special virtue—rather than the full individual and spiritual life—is sought for, the regard is incomplete, incompetent to accomplish the great work of

love. You cannot adequately help men if you accustom yourself to think of any class as simply "hands" or operatives, or if you know them, as most men do know each other, only as faces and voices. You must go farther than this;—above all, you must see the angel within the man or woman—must believe in it, and appeal to it above the lower natures. This alone gives completeness. If you have not this tender insight into the hidden humanity you will stumble and be hurt, you will be continually disappointed, vexed and chilled by the stripping away of illusions, which is too often the result of daily contact and intercourse with ideal and enthusiastic temperaments. Do not doubt your first vision—the lovely image is there—only keep patience and love. By such exercise you yourself will grow also, and may give new graces of life—the highest gifts of all—to the beloved. The highest pleasure that ever comes to one, is to do something for those we love, and in this way we may give every act and word of our loneliest hours to them. When they next see us, they will feel the added warmth and light, and our most solitary struggles will not have been in vain. Far more powerful than persuasion or reason, far stronger than physical beauty, is this spiritual sphere from a beautiful life. You cannot wander to such a distance that it will not

recall you, and touch you with a thrilling sense of its tenderness.

The commonest things on earth teach us a parable of faith in the hidden nature which desires to grow in others and ourselves. You see a knot of gnarled and bare trees, twisted and uncomely—for what is so bare as a fruit-tree in winter? Cedars keep their greenness, oaks their branching symmetry, but these look denuded and dead. Wandering back that way in spring, you are suddenly surprised, enveloped in a cloud of fragrance and bloom. All around you snowy and rosy petals drift to the grass, in the air the bees are humming, and clusters of buds and blossoms touch softly your cheek and brow. Your scorn at its former meagreness, is confuted and tossed away in sight of this exceeding fairness, for you were foolishly blind—all this blossoming tree, even then existed potentially in the naked and gnarled trunk.

Such a revelation, and higher, will heaven give us of the personality which we misjudge here. For we shall all be changed. And against such false judgments here the ideal and spiritual vision alone guards you. It is very important that it should be so, for in these latter days, a man's deepest experiences often come through personal loves and pains. His oracles of life are found in his own household ; and an apocalypse of

love looks out of familiar eyes or touches him with a child's lips; and spirit is revealed to spirit in the orderly way of common love. A thousand-fold more blessed than any isolated experience is the life that is warm with ties of parentage and kindred and friendship. For God is the sole possible integer of the whole universe, and each human life is only fractional, incomplete and imperfect, needing continually other lives by which it may more nearly attain unity and symmetry. No more hopeless thing can be said of any soul than that it is "left to itself."

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW INHERITANCE.

THE strange law of transmission by which our ideals and characters are incarnated in our children is the grand pivotal force which lifts or lowers the world. Spiritual forces and laws lie behind this, but so far as our merely natural sight may go, this is the law of growth or decay in the species. All the instinctive and automatic movements, even of our moral life, seem to come through inheritance. It is thus that the influences of a great crisis, or character, are not idly scattered abroad and lost, but germinate surely into result and purpose.

A great separation between the new and old ages took place in the first century of our era. The life of Christ was an open space of burning light, in which old ignorances and traditions and false glories were utterly shriveled away, and

strange and luminous forms revealed themselves as they moved here and there. In this new atmosphere of intense emotion and wonder, not only seers, but many of the common people—women and men—the unbelieving and the faithful—heard voices and saw visions, as in the scenes preceding the birth of Christ. His baptism and crucifixion, and also the conversion of St. Paul* and the day of Pentecost. It is but reasonable to believe that new thoughts and ideals were evolved from this fervid crisis of heat and flame, and so inwrought into the souls of succeeding generations by the after period of persecution and struggle, that the whole world was visibly uplifted by them. Foremost amongst these I discern the new thoughts of human unity and forgiveness of injuries.

From the divine humanity of Christ flowed a power, an enthusiasm, which raised up the face of all humanity from the dust, and turned it upwards. The early Christians were of many races. In Arabia and Parthia and Mesopotamia and Judæa and Cappadocia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, at Rome and Corinth, Ephesus and Philippi, Smyrna and Sardis, were men and women, who, differing in all other things, were

*Even the men who "journeyed with" St. Paul, heard the voice.

as one in the love of their Lord, and in the expectation of His return. It is hard for us, in these comparatively indifferent and cold days, to realize what a strength and comfort in their troubles was this mistaken faith in His immediate coming. Most of these were people of little knowledge, and of altogether earthly conceptions, and their yearning pictured to them the sound of His voice as awaking them at midnight, or at cock-crow, when the dim light first stole into their narrow rooms; or in the long twilights, the footsteps on the street might be His; at noon, when the voices of their children sounded from the gardens, He might come. At their feasts and worship, by the death-beds of their beloved, they looked still, seeking to be ready for His revealing. Doubtless He was always with them; but this thought was a comfort and a stimulus, and so permitted to remain with them. All who held this faith were naturally drawn close to each other. The old distinctions of race and class, Greek or Barbarian, bond or free, were interfused in this common fire of love, and melted away by its fervor.

Paul speaks of all as "one body," and I would call your attention to this language more especially, as closely connected with what I have before said of the wonderful significance of the human body. After a most beautiful and sym-

metrical declaration of the human oneness in this perfect form, he ends with tender persuasion, saying "the members should have the same care one for another, and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." The spirit of these words, slowly leavening the whole mass, is seen now in all noble aspirations and deeds of our century. It echoes in the words of Hawthorne, as he describes the English poor in Liverpool, "No man or woman is clean until the whole world is clean." There is not one great measure, or reform of our day, through which the fibres of this root, thought does not strike. We know that no soul has received its perfect fulness of life and grace and joy, while any soul hungers and has need, for we do all receive one of another. It is the law of our life that "no man liveth to himself" alone; and the whole world breathes through every individual aspiring and inspiration. In our life—education, nothing—not even sorrow and disappointment and pain—is purposeless; no human intercourse, even the most trivial, is unprofitable or vain. No one can be set aside with "I have no need of thee," for we all have need, one of another. And our growing knowledge of this, is one of the inherited blessings of Christianity.

The other, I have said, is the forgiveness of injuries. This is not an impulse of the soul in the primitive life of man. Not only is it alien, but also utterly antagonistic to all the first wild instincts of retaliation—that rude justice, which knows no action but punishment—and of exultation over a fallen foe. The savage demands, like the old Semitic race, an eye for an eye, a life for a life; like Achilles with the body of Hector, he rejoices over his dead enemy; like Shylock, he pleads for the pound of flesh from the man who derided and mocked him. Among all the folk-lore you find the hero is true to his friend, tender to the woman who loves him, but stern and dreadful to those who hate him. When the natural man receives an injury or an insult, the hot blood thrills passionately through the veins, and the first impulse which the swift brain sends along the nerves of action, is the one which clenches the hand and braces the arm for a blow. Man can, of himself, as soon raise the dead to life, raise him out of the cold dust, to walk abroad as a living man in the sweet and fresh light, as he can pardon and love the foe who thwarts him. So true it is, even in the human soul and its dealings with other men, that “none can forgive sins, save God only.”

So this virtue, as the one act that raises us from the natural to the spiritual life, was made

an axis, on which the power of the new age turned, and the crucial test of the reception of the new and heavenly influence.

“Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.” Without this, men rest forever on the same dull level of animosity, where wrong begets wrong, and feud engenders feud. When the disciple is told to forgive seventy times seven “his brother,” who had offended him, (mark how the tender name of kinnship is always brought in to aid the feeling of relenting love), we see this new power of forgiveness dealt with as a weak and untried muscle, which needs continual exercise to give it strength and endurance. Throughout the long line of the old Gods of the Greeks and Romans, you may find wrath, power, remorse and cunning, even sensual pleasure, deified, for all these things their worshippers knew, but you nowhere find the tender presence of forgiveness. Even long afterward, “the angel of their ideal stretched forth his hands in vain,” for the barbarian element that smouldered in the Church, broke forth again and again in anathema and excommunications, persecutions and wars against all opposition for many long centuries. Men may see the shining truth at once, but slowly do they move towards it.

But we have arisen into a more spiritual plane of life and thought. Already have the hearts

and minds of men been somewhat changed by the new influx from the heavens. Generation after generation have been born of Christian parents, and taught these lovely and tender feelings of the Christian life, and have tried, although perhaps feebly, to embody them in their lives, and by teaching and inheritance to transmit to their children an even stronger tendency toward good. Culture and art and philosophy have received the light of divine revelation, and hold up before the eyes of men exquisite thoughts of tenderness and pity and love, which were unknown before.

So that now, when men ask coldly, what benefits the influences of Christian thought and feeling have conferred upon the world, we can point them to this as one, that is palpable and visible before the sight of all, that there are thousands of gentle and generous hearts to-day, not only women and idealists, but men, full of the vigor of life and practical thought, "so born with the influence of centuries of Christian culture in their veins, that forgiveness is to them a first impulse"—a natural and necessary virtue—as it was not in the old world days. And for whom it would be harder to refuse the word of love, to repress the rapture of reconciliation, to turn aside from the repentant friend, or the sorrowing enemy, than for the old Greek to forgive them.

We begin to feel dimly how imperfect and unsymmetrical is that apprehension of justice which relegates the evil in Dante's hells, and in the old tragedies and romances, to final torture and anguish. Wherever a human foot-print goes, divine love is there, and forgiveness. The warmth of this beautiful ideal of pardon interpenetrates all states and conditions with its sunshine. The true thought of government is no longer to the highest minds, the punishment of the criminal, but his change, and restoration to the society he has wronged. Every man owes somewhat to his race and country, which no other life can so fully give, and blessed is he who restores the fallen to his work and place.

By gradual steps we have moved from the unconscious growth of the individual life "after its kind" to its organic connection with all nature and all ages, to its share in the human unity. History succeeds biographies, and individual ideals by long inheritance assume stamina and substance as the characteristic traits and works of the races.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

IDEALS AND MYTHS OF THE RACES.

TRUE HISTORY.

“Out of the olde feldes, as men saythe
Cometh all this newe corn, from yere to yere.”

Have you not seen, on a summer evening, the whole horizon line alive with the crimson and fiery gold of sunset, and all the mountains lifted into an aerial and transparent glory? Or perhaps you have watched the vision of dawn lie along the waters like a revelation of rosy light and splendor? It is along this line “where earth and heaven meet” that the purest white lights, the rarest colors shine and glow; and here it is that every object, whether dark pine, or mountain crag, or sail of far off ship, grows in clearness and distinctness of outline upon the delighted eye. This boundary-line exists in all life and wisdom; in history it is the “love-line”

of the race, which you must cross in order to read its records truly. As a certain earnest thinker says, the Ancient are only secret, because we are estranged from them in spirit. If one were thoroughly a Hindoo in all the elements of will and character, he would find no difficulty in the Sancrit, for the possession of a nation's ideal is closely followed by accuracy in the details of historic facts.*

If you first feel as a Greek felt, you will soon think as a Greek thought, and your language will have the true classic grace. To speak a brute's tongue, to snarl and hiss, it is necessary that the brute's nature with its rending and tearing propensities should exist in you. As an artist once said, "to paint even a tree, you must become a tree yourself," that is, feel with the tree, by sympathy excite in yourself the woody and fibrous and leaf-growing powers. You have those that are analogous, for you are a microcosm, with a net-work of perhaps hidden sympathies which should touch all things.

And you can only see what you have in your own nature; if you are passing your brother by as a common man, blind to the angel which, I have told you, exists in all, it must be because

*In regard to this question of insight, I owe much to Ruskin's most suggestive lecture on Light and the faculty of vision.

your own angelic nature is undeveloped. The eagle, with his keen glances, never sees the white softness and gentleness of the little lamb in his rapid swoop; it is only a meal to him. Thus you should feel and love a thought to understand it fully; and in order to comprehend a heroic emotion, you must live it in action, for there is no other way. When we apprehend this law there will be a great day of judgment among our books, and only those illuminated by love, will remain.

We see now that the life of an individual can only be truly written by the "next of kin" spiritually. And this veritable inside heraldry asserts itself, for no one has insight or power to write the experience of a great mind, but his heir, on the soul side. Imagine how a practical unimaginative pen would fail in telling of Palissy who, with the ideal of exquisite color and delicate relief ever haunting his mind's eye, sought so many years in vain for the white enamel, until his clothes, food and furniture were gone, and even the planks and boards were torn from his house to feed the fires of the furnace. There is a passage in the recent biographical sketch of Sir Edwin Landseer, by Miss Thackeray, which very happily illustrates my meaning. She tells us that "in one of the notices upon his pictures it is said that, as a boy and a youth, Landseer

haunted shows of wild animals and matches of rat-killing by terriers, with his sketch-book. Cannot one picture the scene?—the cruel sport, the crowd looking on, stupid or vulgarly excited, and there, among coarse and heavy glances, and dull, scowling looks, shines the bright, young face, not seeing the things that the dull eyes are watching, but discerning the something beyond, the world within the world, the life within common life, that genius makes clear to us." It is just such a shortness of sight as dulled those heavy eyes, that so often makes outside facts the veriest falsehoods, because wrenched from their spiritual connection. So, except by special sympathy of character, it is hard for us to understand even the human lives, with which we are in close association. For we cannot see the true "finis" of the volume; no, nor the beginning, since each life is a sequel to another in rotation, too infinite for us to follow. Very often it seems fragmentary and incomplete to us; and even the lower forms of life, the seaweed and the flower, appear to our blinded vision more joyous and symmetrical, for we see the whole of the life of the rose, but so little of man's.

As for the lives of races, we gain the truest insight from the works of men who did not know they were forming the rich mosaic materials of

history; from the artists, who have given us the men and the women of their ages, strong and warm with the real life-blood of existence, who have shown us unconsciously the influences that moulded their lineaments, and softened or quickened the play of expression.

For instance, the monastic ideal is more vividly seen in the paintings of early Christian artists, as in the Byzantine Madonnas, than in any writings descriptive of the cloister. There is often little beauty of feature about the faces, the designs are hard, stiff, angular, the draperies ungraceful. Nothing is flowing or free; all is repressed, strict and severe. But undoubtedly there is an attraction in them, their truthfulness, for the artists express therein, without reserve or exaggeration, the kind of life which they themselves know. It is one of austerity and self-denial, limited and restrictive, it is true, but with a sense of inner purity, and of freedom for the higher spiritual nature. If a sensitive character, acutely alive to moral impressions, has once committed a wrong act, he will long for penance and atonement, and feel undeserved joy as a pain. This phase of individual experience gives insight into both the self-inflicted penalties and privations of the mediæval saints, and the severe mediæval art of the Byzantine designs. In each case it was a reaction against the purely

natural life of the senses and their delights, in which the old Greeks rejoiced—a striving after the higher spiritual life which is the sign of the Christian spirit in all art and achievement. There is no face which so fully expresses this, as the Delphic Sibyl of Michael Angelo. Here is the old Greek thought of the priestess upon whom the inspiration of Apollo descends like a mighty rushing wind, but in the half averted face, the dilated eyes, you see such wonder, such worship, such mingled terror and rejoicing, such full desire, straining after the glory to be revealed, as witness that a greater Lord than Apollo is here.

The same thought which prompted the severe outlines of Byzantine art, gave to its conceptions of Heaven, all the color and delight denied to its representations of earth. The ideal of the age was concentrated in the ecclesiastic form, and everything lovely and rich was used to adorn religious thought. The Catholic Church, during the seventh century, did not dwell upon judgment or the passion of our Lord, or any thought of pain, except as connected with sin. If this necessitated suffering and penance in the earthly life, all on the heavenly side was repose and light. The cross at Ravenna was always richly and brightly decorated, symbolic, as Tyrwhitt says, of our Lord's humanity, rather

than His death. The signs used by the early Christians in the catacombs, many of which were adopted from the Greek art, were always cheerful and bright, as the Vine, the good Shepherd. The colors of the Byzantine school, in their portrayal of angels and saints, were exquisitely vivid, azure, green, purple, gold,—the golden backgrounds of old paintings belonged especially to this school—and their colors were lighted up by rare crimsons and scarlets. The illuminated texts and missals of monastic artists, glow with color. You see them bordered with golden scrolls and radiant devices of birds, flowers and sporting butterflies, all child-like and joyous in spirit, for it is of heavenly things that they treat. You find also in these pictures saints with child-angels, lambs or lilies, placed beside them as heavenly symbols, golden haired women with quiet lips of peace, men with level eyes which front the oncoming years with undisturbed serenity, faces of holy infancy, and you recognize the influences of the purer catholic ideals of womanhood and childhood; and look into the tranquillity of the true priest's life, and of his flock who dwelt in simple good. These countenances have nothing of the complex expression of the faces we see around us, overcharged by a quivering electricity of emotion, and kept astir by the too highly wrought and

feverish intellectual atmosphere and conditions of our modern life.

There are many ways in which history may be studied, and no one method is complete without aid from the others. You may gain the facts of outward chronicles, and take it in mosaic, land by land, king after king, with the small details of each reign and country and class, until you see it as a picture, brilliantly colored and moving, in the costume and after the manner of the age. You may study history in cycles, according to the plan of Buckle and Humboldt, measuring the outlines of the grandly flowing curves of progress in which the ages roll on. Or you may study it in groups of contemporaries, linking country to country, and watching the strange electric touch which starts kindred movements and desires into life under antagonistic circumstances. Such, for instance, were the coincident currents of the Renaissance in Italy and the Reformation in Germany; and such also, were the perpetually recurring upheavals of the Republican form of thought all over the face of Europe in the eighteenth century. You can form no thorough conception of any age if the country or the man, which you study, stands alone in your thought.

You cannot learn adequately the story of the first—and highest—school of Greek art, that in

which lived traces of spiritual motive,* without knowing that when Phidias was a sculptor in Greece, marking out with swift and sure strokes the outlines of hero and God, Pericles and Aspasia ruled at Athens, and it was the age of Aristophanes, Anaxagoras, Sophocles and Æschylus, and greatest of all, Socrates, whose endurance, faith and patient courage approaches the highest ideal of humanity. Not one of these was possible in all his perfection without the mingled influences of the others, and the age, the Greek race, the common Athenian, received of them all in some measure.

Looking down the path of modern culture, you pause at one luminous era, and there you see how each star seems to kindle another into greater glory. In Germany there are Dürer and Holbein and Quentin Matys, Erasmus and Luther, and you see the spirit of the last reformer and believer, at work in the profound spiritual significance of such paintings as the hands of Dürer and Holbein wrought. In Spain there is the grave, patient, knightly figure of Columbus, seeking for liberty to explore the unknown seas, and realize his haunting visions of the unseen southern lands. Savonarola, in Florence, is acknowledging Christ as king upon earth, master of his own city and people, and

*Tyrwhitt's "Christian Symbolism."

Michael Angelo hearing him, is stirred to the depths of his mighty soul, and all his art henceforward will bear the seal of the spirit of Christ, and strive after the highest ideal. In Venice are old Bellini, Giorgione and Titian, and before the century has passed, Raphael and Correggio have entered into life. Fra Angelico, most spiritual and child-like of artists, has made glorious the convent walls of San Marco; and Rome glitters with procession and revelry, as rich in color and light as the Venetian school of art, but there are fair faces seen there, from which Angelico's angels would look away sorrowing.

In England the conditions are prepared from which shall spring her most heroic and gentlest natures, her sweetest singers, her most learned and wisest statesmen—Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, Shakspeare, Jonson, Burleigh, Bacon. Everywhere you see the intense vitality of this century, 1400–1500 manifesting itself, in exploration and reformation, art and song and life; among every people, and with every man, “after its kind.” He, who is spiritual, feels the presence of his master, and sees His glory in inspiration of religious teaching and artistic vision. The earthly nature touches only the hem of His garments and knows a rarer loveliness in color and grace of outline, more swiftly moving pulses

of action and life. But always it is the same Life, which stirred in the wonderful activity and intellectual light of the Greeks, in the power of the revival from the dark ages, in all freedom of enslaved races, in all that is ours of the beautiful and good now.

And that we may more fully apprehend the operation of this life, which is the centre and source of all activity, we must add to all other methods of studying humanity, some knowledge of the spiritual or inner life of the nations—the ideals of the ages—the myths and legends of the races, which indeed enfold the future as a matrix does a stone. It is impossible to possess a full insight into the conditions of life as Athens and its mental atmosphere in the time of Phidias,—which I have mentioned as the culminating period of Greek art—without remembering that many Athenians believed in the tales of Herodotus of the great ghost who fought at Marathon, delighting in conflict as in the earthly life, of Apollo's presence at Delphi, and of the form seen in mid-air at Salamis. These spirits and Gods were like the Greeks themselves, with all human instincts of scorn, vehement wrath, partisanship, not like the visions of the Hebraic seers, which, with grand angelic patience, comfort and cheer, but wholly resembling man, and so, thoroughly characteristic of the Greek mode of conception.

All the morning dreams of the nations are prophetic. You cannot neglect to explore the first dim twilight,

For the dusk of the dawn is astir with the wings
Of invisible things;
And the world is awakened, and throbs with a strain
Betwixt passion and pain.

You do not know Rome without the folk-story of the twin brothers suckled by the fierce wolf, for upon that is outlined in long shadow, the active Roman nature with its fierce passion for contest and dominion; nor without the sylvan myth of Egeria, possible only in the first glow and white heat of poetic conception, for it indicates well the capacity of the Roman mind for intense and lofty contemplation. The Homeric legends are deeply impressed with the artistic nature of the Greeks; with few swift words they paint for you. "Hector, dearest to his mother's heart," "speed renowned Achilles;" and the cool back-grounds of rest, "Scamander's grassy vale," wave-worn Eionæ," and "pleasant Aulis," from which the warriors come to the beleaguered city. You are detained by no meaningless detail of costume or circumstance. It is the pure epic treatment, in which the noble and stately figures of old stand forth as clear and distinct as a bas-relief, or freize. In

Hector's grand farewell, the most consummate passage of the whole Iliad, you pass on, from the strain, solemnly sweet as far-off music, which begins—

“Mourn not, my loved Andromache, for me
Too much,”

to that noble aspiration

“To drink the cup
Of liberty before the living gods.”

without a jar or break in its heroic pathos, and divine self-abnegation.

Again in the old British tradition of King Arthur of the Round Table, which the Anglo-Saxon mind has so eagerly adopted, you find a struggle between warring elements, higher and more complex spiritual emotions, a heroic life at conflict with lower natures, a new world of thought and action, wholly alien to the unity and calm of the Greek ideal, and seething with a spirit of unrest and aspiration, which sins, and repents and falls, and would fain expiate its fall. From the distinct black and white of the classic coloring we come suddenly upon grays and blended shades and tints and wavering lights of a new civilization.

I would like to have you pause here for one moment, and remark one thought which, amid

all their differences, is common to these mythic stories. Before and after, the life extends into peopled and luminous regions. You know King Arthur was of supernatural kinship, and after his wound, was carried away to the enchanted island,

“Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.”

The white teachers of the Mexicans and Indians came from an unknown land, and returned thither. The line of ancestry with all the Homeric heroes is traced back to Olympus. “Sons of the Gods” are they all; do you know how much this means, and do you remember the last words of that wonderful line of shepherds, kings and captives:—“Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God?” The divine Life in all these, you see, sustains, enfolds, and receives again the lives to which it has given birth, and this belief was not likely to have been forgotten in the troubled and dark periods in which most of these legends arise. They are elaborated in happier moments, but their first utterances were to eager eyes and ears of listeners, who knew not what to-morrow would bring forth of doom, and whose yesterdays were too dark to rivet their thoughts upon their meagre outlines.

It is against the dusky background of our needs that we delineate the shining figures of our desires. These ideals of a race are the high-tide marks to which the great floods of thought arise in a time of passionate surging and upheaval; presently the waves descend to the common level, but these are left behind as witnesses of their unseen powers. And some men, who have force enough to incarnate in themselves a nation's desires, become, by virtue of these, representative men; as was Bonaparte, with his wonderful and magnetic sway over the stormy minds of France. In the general dissolution of old bonds, social ties, ecclesiastic restraints, the power of personal will and character ruled without a counterbalance; and no one ever more fully expressed the force and scope of an individual than this self-poised, self-raised ruler of men. And this power, limited, if you will, with the seeds of decay in it, was for a while supereminent because it was the thought of France, that every man was in himself a force, and held his rights from his personality alone, and not from any ancestry, noble or ignoble. So the call of Napoleon vibrated through the French soul, and awakened a nation, because he was, for a period, the incarnation of France. "*Vous qui m'aimez, suivez moi.*"

There is always a certain symmetry in history. Every historic event is the meeting or concurrence of two forces, and every movement has in itself certain dramatic relations. It requires genius to apprehend and display the outlines and colors of the times; and an inferior mind blurs both, as he sees, and as he tries to reproduce them. But the apprehension of this meaning and symmetrical movement finds expression with two classes of minds; the first, develop it in life, and are the men of action; the second give it form in winged and fiery words, and often sound the key in which the whole after theme is set.

For we are told that everything in nature, and also life, has its own key-note. If you touch it on a bridge, or in a building, the whole structure is jarred from foundation to summit; sound it out in the open air, and everything formed upon this note, trembles in accord. So it is with a life, a soul, a nation, even an age, it thrills through and through when its ideal, the ideal of its dreams, its needs, its desires, is uttered. Rouget de Lisle, in his wild song—

“Enfans de la patrie ! Le jour de gloire est arrivé.”

sounds all the passionate love and hope which beheld their fulfillment as in an ecstasy of vision;

and if we can grasp that volcanic era of upheaval at all, we can do so by the "Marseillaise" as fully as by volumes of history.

As in a plant, if you go back through all the different phases of growth, the fully opened flower, the faintly tinted bud, stem, and sprays of green leaves, back to the little seed, you may find enclosed there the whole of the after development of fruit and flower. Or, as sometimes in music, the air is played in a soft, low prelude, and gradually flows off through variations of intricate harmony, in all of which, however, the same air sounds and reappears. So we say, "History repeats itself," and "The voice of the past is the prophecy of the future. The Germans of Tacitus are easily recognized by us in the Germans of the present. The Franks express in their very name, as we first see it, the desire for freedom, of which their whole history is a struggle. The Jews, whom we see in our cities and streets, are the same exiles that dwelt in the far-off land of Egypt under the dynasty of the Pharaohs, for historic lineaments are not easily effaced, even in every diversity of country and climate, outside contact and influence. No footsteps are so entirely lost here that the path of a race does not lie before us, plainly traceable through every intersection and winding curve.

Modern history is far more varied in its conditions than the old, for it includes that with additional elements. We have what might be called a *parallax* in our civilization, for it contains three points of measurement—our own history and the influences of Greek and Roman modes of thought on the minds of our men of culture, and everywhere the full oriental life, in all its details of dress, manner, daily salutations, laws, and customs of the household ; the whole organization and its eastern background of city and landscape, inwrought into our life through the medium of the Hebraic Scriptures.

In the primitive life of man there are three events which are characteristic, the journey, the feast, and the battle, and none of these are without meaning, but illustrate certain principles inherent in his nature. Each one of these is predominant in one of the above races ; the journey finds its fullest expression in the ever wandering Shemitic tribes, the feast in the joyous Greek life, and the battle, in the struggling, warring and restless movements of the Germanic races, from their earliest Scandinavian records.

First let us consider then what we shall call the Hebraic Spirit of Pilgrimage, but which has also existed in more restrained forms in all the ages and nations of which we have record.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEBRAIC SPIRIT OF PILGRIMAGE.

“Arise, and let us go hence.”

THE journeyings of the races are full of meaning, both in their out-comings and their on-goings. There seems to be a certain migratory instinct in the breasts of men, often periodical in its manifestations, which impels, not only individuals like the old Normadic heroes and modern explorers, but vast masses of men to roll their living tides towards the East or West or South. Many such moments in history recur to our remembrance. What is more picturesque than the youthful Alexander with his haughty Greeks in the richly colored land of India; or more thrilling than the invasions of the infidel Saracens in Christian Europe, or the fright of the Saxon households, seeing far off the ships of the fierce and cruel Danes, swooping

down upon their shores? It is true that the new races bring with them new elements of thought, new germs of life, but their coming augurs decay and woe to the old.

Amidst all the fanaticism of the crusades, our hearts beat high as we think of the mailed warriors crossing the hot desert sands to seek Jerusalem, the "City of the Vision of Peace," for many were, doubtless, moved by earnest and vital faith; but there is only burning indignation for the invasions of South America and Mexico by the Spaniards, the strange white warriors, who slay and drive before them the simple-hearted and ignorant races of the soil. Among all these ages of exploration and migration, there is one, far back, before which we hold our breath with terror and wonder—Rome, sitting careless and at ease, the face of her Fate veiled before her, while horde after horde, tribe after tribe, sweep down in hurried multitudes from the dark forests of Germany, under Alaric, Odoacer and Theodoric, to be followed afterwards by the Asiatic Huns, fierce and terrible, led by Attila, the "scourge of God," and covering the land like a thunder-cloud of doom. We approach the most awful, the grandest crisis in all history, when the Roman legions, a people of fierce countenance and strange tongue, have descended upon Jerusalem, and it is said unto her

in the most solemn of all recorded warnings, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." And the Master, beholding the city, "wept over it."

The same spirit of Exodus, which guided the older races, has been continually alive and astir in our own nations. We could not perhaps give a stronger evidence of the power of faith in an ideal vision, of the desire for the "new earth," than the story of Columbus, bearing the cross to a strange country, and cheered in his despair by a vision in the night, and that other homelier, but more pathetic life, of Livingston in Africa, seeking to heal "the open sore of the world." But the same impulse exists everywhere. In every New England village,

"Each road leads downwards to the sea,
Or landward to the west."

and every child dreams, even in his father's arms, of the strange, white fields of snow and ice, or the lands of sunshine and feathery palms.

Among the old Shemitic tribes, however, existence was a perpetual journey to and fro, and the whole of Hebraic history is full of the records of movement and change. Abraham goes into a far country, Joseph is sold among a strange

people, Moses led the Israelites forth from Egypt, after their entrance into Canaan they are carried as captives into Babylon, in the days of Ahasueras they are found "from India even unto Ethiopia," everywhere alien and yearning for their great city, Jerusalem. The words of Paul are full of memories of his own people through many far-back years.

"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," . . . "in deaths oft."

It is not strange that a man, whose life has been such as this, and whose fervid temperament has burned every experience in distinct characters upon his eager mind, should use images drawn from it in his teachings of the spiritual life. He says of the followers of the new light that has arisen upon the world, that they "seek a country" and a city "which hath foundations;" and calls them "strangers and pilgrims upon earth," unfolding before their sight the long, pathetic record of the banished and exiled, "who wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of

whom the world was not worthy;) they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

Mark here the ardor and vehemence with which this man, the culmination of long Hebrew ancestries, and at the same time the announcer of salvation to the Gentiles, speaks to his listeners. Imagine the fire with which he heaps circumstance upon circumstance, the restrained passion of that sudden parenthesis—"of whom the world was not worthy")—the swift, pathetic changes of tone, as in "perils by mine own countrymen," and in his exquisite reply to Agrippa's saying, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian." I give it in full—

"And Paul said, I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

I know of no parallel except that plaintive after-thought of Hamlet, as Polonius says to him, "My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you," and he replies, "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life!" and this falls far below the reply of Paul in dignity and pathos.

Imagine also in union with the rapidity and fire of his speaking, that wonderful spirit of

adaptation by which this wanderer in many lands seizes the characteristic form of thought among the people whom he addresses, as in his beautiful speech to the Athenians, and fills it with the magnetic power of a higher thought. He is a poet as well as an orator, his language is full of force, as in that expression, "the weak and beggarly elements," how it rings with scorn! and full also of rare grace and delicacy and fiery music which thrills through you like the call of the trumpet. There are no poems in human language more beautiful than his praise of charity, and that grand summary of all heroic history in Hebrews, from which I have already quoted, the wonderful cry of triumph over death in the discourse on the resurrection, the exquisitely tender address to the Romans.— "There is therefore now no condemnation," when like antiphonal music, the quick, sharp questioning, the sure, full responses, burst into one rythmical passionate utterance of faith in "Him that loved us."

By a strange contrast this man,—most essentially in character and genius a Hebrew—has been pre-eminent in influence through all the centuries that witnessed the lowest degradation of his people. For the after life of his race verified his pathetic history of their past—"des-titute, afflicted, tormented." In every land you

find this melancholy and alien eastern tribe, existing among strange races as an unsolved problem, an unsettled fact, isolated from their fellows, despised and reproached. Everywhere you might see the figure of the Hebrew, with swarthy coloring, sharply defined lineaments, bright and piercing eyes, and shoulders bowed as if beneath heavy burdens. The laws and enactments of each land has its separate code for the "Jew," each language has expressions of scorn identical with their name, the priesthood in metaphors and hyperbole borrowed from the Hebrew seers, fulminate anathemas against them. There are few writers on whose pages this, dark, sad face does not appear. You see in Dante, in Skakspeare, Byron, Lessing, and Croly, the mark of their presence. Everywhere they are suspected and reviled, but even the common language of their oppressors is imbued with the rich flavor and the strong pathos of the old Hebraisms. Look at England, and see these same people who so shrink from contact with the Hebrew—they meet together in silence and night, with the awful heavens keeping watch overhead, to listen at the peril of their lives to the "serious and pulsating tones" of the Hebraic visions. Is not this a strange picture? M. Taine says, "I have before me one of the old, square folios, in black letter, in which

the pages, worn by bony fingers, have been patched together. Hence has sprung much of the language of England, and half of English manners; to this day the country is biblical; it was this big book which had transformed Shakespeare's England. To understand this change, imagine these yeomen, these shop-keepers, who in the evening placed the Bible before them, and bareheaded, with veneration, heard or read one of its chapters."

Mrs. Charles says of the Hebraic biographies of scripture that they "have no ends, only beginnings;" they seem to stretch, like the golden arrows shot from the sun, far into infinite regions of space and light, and are only gone from our vision.

If on my narrow ledge a sunbeam falls,
Steals on from stone to stone—then glides away,
It is not lost because drawn back in light,
Although no more we see it."

The spirit of separation and of the new creation is in these lives of the Hebrew histories and the gospel of the Hebrew disciples, and wherever they come in contact with a nation's heart, a new race seems to be born of them. Full of divine affections, and of germinative and creative forces, they are continually forming, as it were, a new people, strong to resist and renew. It is

a re-birth, more wonderful than the *Renaissance* from the Greek life in the fifteenth century, for it is not only a quickening of latent forces, but a change from an old antagonistic life to a new and diverse form of vitality.

Among the laughter-loving, mercurial, restless French, we are surprised to find the grave and simple Huguenots, who are kindred in blood but alien in spirit. The divine afflatus is breathed forth, and out of Italy and Spain, lands worldly, self-indulgent, and intoxicated with sensual delights, there arise Savonarola, with his stern reproofs of tyranny and unfaithfulness, Loyola and Xavier, terrible in self-abnegation, whose arduous toils and foot-sore journeys stand isolated and dark against a background of ease and pleasure.

“Laetitiae, deliciae,
Et coronata vino.”

Have they all left, mother and kindred, going into strange and barbarous countries with words of mysterious import, telling of the spiritual life that lies beyond and within our earthly days. The eyes of the woman who loved them best, would not recognize their wan faces, marred by fastings and vigils. They have cast off the things that are behind, and the world knows them no more, except as wonderful forces of

organization and exploration. I do not say that it is well that the personal life should be denied,—for I believe that is also a divine gift—but I would have you mark the power of this influence which impels them.

Among the English, hard-fighting, deep drinking, stolid, delighting in roistering revels,—“Shakspeare’s England,” as M. Taine calls it,—we discover suddenly the Puritans, of sober visage and speech, and grave demeanor, whose longings are for eternal ends, and who count no privation or toil hard, that is endured for immortal glory. Their garments were uncouth and their language strange to their very brethren and country-people, — although, as Kingsley points out, the England of to-day, in garb and custom, is a Puritan England. But they were an alien and a new people then, and it was against antagonism and ridicule and bitter hatred, that they established their place, and became the nuclei and bases of new movements in other lands. And as all these arose in an age, indifferent and adverse, so will others, born of the life of the eternal Word, arise in their turn, to renew continually the old and decaying life of the world.

“In journeyings often,” . . . “in deaths oft.”

CHAPTER III.

THE GREEK IDEAL, OR THE FEAST.

“ Whose soul records not the great debt of joy,
Is stamped forever an ignoble man.”—*Sophocles*.

THE life and ideal of the Greek race are altogether different. From the valleys come the bleating of flocks and lowing of herds; you hear everywhere the “trickling of invisible brooks,” and see from mountain heights the small crafts as they glance over the bright waters of the inland sea. A temple stands on every high promontory—as if a-tip-toe to greet the sun!—so that every mariner might see it as his ship drew near, and give thanks to the Gods of Greece. It rises above the mysterious gray of the dim olive trees which form so lovely a relief to the white outlines of the marble,—glittering, not only with sunshine, but with golden bucklers that gleam across the architrave,

and with tints of vermillion and blue,—and flashes back the rich light and color which pour upon it through the pure air. Farther inland are the cool, green forest shadows of oaks and cork and lime trees, the glad splashing of waterfalls, and the subtle, uncertain fragrance of citron and almond flowers. There are daffodil-covered meadows where Persephone might delight to wander again; and at Athens, as that lovely fragment of a most artistic work, “A few days in Athens,” tells us, the Illissus glides, like pale silver, through the soft, sweet twilight.

It seems to have been given to the Greeks above all other races, to hear the pulses of earth and sea beat with distinct meaning and life. They were a people of quick vitality, vigor and joyousness, delighting always in the open sunshine and the fresh sea breezes, peopling every lonely and silent place with their own imaginings until nature seemed nowhere mute or dead to them. They threw their own life into everything, and felt an answering thrill run through even wood and stone at their touch. Taine says of their architecture, that they endowed it “with the grace, the diversity, the unforeseen and fleeting suppleness of a living thing.” Even their dreams they pictured as floating down from a green twilight of tangled leaves and boughs into their slumbers.

Was a Greek moved to special gladness!
Then on the mountain-tops the Bacchantes smote
the earth in their wild revelries of dance and
song; a lively measure piped along the glades,
and through the low branches of the gnarled
oaks, shaggy and horned creatures looked out.
The Napaæ crept up from the rustling thickets,
and the Naiads stirred the springs and streams
with a sudden ripple and splash. The lonely
heights, haunted by soaring wings, and winds of
night, were alive with simple, sylvan creatures,
and woods and grassy fields were full of their
footsteps, and swift, shy motions. And when
the Greeks heard the twittering of new fledged
broods in the boughs overhead, when the young
calves and lambs cried in the fold, and the fruit
trees burst into bud, then they said that Deme-
ter or Pan, had visited the homes of their wor-
shippers.

You deny the old myths of the Gods,
And yet their life lives on.
It throbs in your passionate pulses,
And wakes the dream in the stone.

For the love and the thought and the power,
Of the human heart were these,
And the love and the thought and the power,
Still rule the earth and the seas.

Across the wind-swept grasses,
You pass with laughter and jest,
—Lo, Artemis slowly arises,
And you straightway forget the rest.

In the wonder of still white light
Which shines above the wold.
The mist of shadowy splendor,
The glimmer upon the fold.

The love which an imaginative young person of the nineteenth century feels for Nature is wholly impersonal, and without form. It reveals itself to him in some radiant moments by moods of ecstasy and wonder and swift delight, but all the while he knows that his Artemis is a myth. The spring moonshine, "the sweet, fleet, silvery April showers," the soft airs, may awaken joy within him, but it is because of their own gladness, their own special loveliness and grace, not as signs of the presence of Athené, queen of the air. But imagine the effect upon a young Greek who believed,—to whom Athené and Artemis were divine persons,—whose conceptions were so full of strange vitality and humanity, that they incarnated every power of nature. The vividness of such ideas must have been strongly increased by the mythical associations attached to all the Greek and Roman localities. As the low moon rose over Latmos, and her faint gleam fell on garden pools and dripping fountains, such an old story as the love of Endymion would be remembered. Through the ineffable glimmer and glamour of moonlight, Artemis might seem to smile, and every sound

would easily appear the sweet, soft flutings of Arcady, or the quivering of silver wings rustling as if to take flight. Even in the winter days, when earth falls asleep, the unfrozen sea beat against the shore with tumultuous and joyous waves, and brought dreams of the Nereids and Poseidon, and the Triton, blowing his wreathed shell.

This rollicking merriment of nature, this festival spirit of existence, is comprehended with difficulty by the inhabitants of colder countries, who spend so many months in the colorless and monotonous occupations of in-door life. What has the dark, sad Hebrew exile in common with the jesting Athenian? The Gods of the northern tribes, Odin and Thor and Freya, whose mighty footsteps are heard in night and storm, are not like these homely and sensuous deities, whose "inextinguishable laughter" rings through their council halls. The Hellenic thought of a God is, like the Hellenic thought of nature, so akin to humanity, that both the elements of divinity and nature are almost forgotten at times beneath the human likeness so stamped upon them. The little children who played on the streets of Athens might have looked into the sweet, mocking faces of Eros and Anteros without surprise. Psyche, beloved by Cupid, found no bar to Olympus, the

human friendships and loves of the Gods were many, and often sought in most ignoble guise. In this masking of divine life under lower forms, you will find not only a double, but a manifold significance; not only the "picturesque superstitions of the many, but the finer intuitions of the few," and these from several races.

There are the traditions of the early inhabitants of Greece, afterwards helots or serfs, in which W. H. Pater says one may trace "some-what of the quiet brooding of a subdued people"—the moan of a dying nationality,—and the quick, clear-cut thoughts of their masters, the artistic race of later Greeks. There are also the myths of the Etruscans or Romans, and the Thersalians and Phrygians, on which the purer Greek culture set its supreme and inimitable mark. Hence we have those divine *doppelgangers* of old mythology, Cybele and Demeter, Athene and Artemis, Kore and Persephone, of two-fold nature and name.

The whole history of the Gods might be said to be one of transformation and disguise. Demeter, seeking for her lost child, sits down by the wayside in the guise of an old and wrinkled woman, and the four princesses of Eleusis, as in our own fairy stories, which are surviving fragments of the elder myths, come down to the well, and give her water to drink, not seeing her divine nature.

“For the Gods are hard for men to recognize.”

(*Homeric Hymn.*)

Zeus comes to earth as a flame, a shower of gold, a swan, a white bull, and under the human form of Amphitryon. There is in these myths profound spiritual significance to the spiritual soul; there is also the human likeness and human sympathy of which the old religion is full,—“Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself,”—there is the intense and acute delight in the life and changes of sea and earth and sky, whose history is told in these forms; and lastly, the pleasure in successful artifice and disguise, which the narrations of the Iliad and the Odyssey show as so prominent a trait of the subtle Greek mind. Ulysses, on his return, goes not to his own home, or his father's without disguise, and under a feigned form, Minerva attends the journeyings of his son. To sustain such masking with success, or to penetrate it in another, was alike full of delight to the Hellenic nature, so rapid in perception, so ready in wit.

The domestic life of the Greeks was like a brilliant picture, every article of household use,

“Every robe and hanging ornament,”

was full of beauty and grace. Their dwellings were richly decorated, walls, ceilings and doors,

but chiefly with metallic colorings of gold, silver and bronze, whose glitter and shade were exquisitely blended with the deep red of vermillion. This, contrasting most finely with the gleam of metals was therefore the color generally chosen, although blue, light ochre, and green, as at Pompeii, which was a provincial and mixed town, were occasionally used. Their feasts were merry with song and dance, and swift, flashing jests. Indeed, every meal, although for the most part frugal, and often consisting only of figs and honey-cakes, salt fish and barley bread, was a festival to the joyous spirit of the Greeks. So too was every incident in the picturesque, busy life of the laborer; the mowing, the reaping, the threshing of the gathered grain, the binding of the ripe corn. All these were acts of worship to the Gods who loved their race, with a partial, petulant affection it is true, but yet who looked upon them with favor and guardianship, and who passed along their ways with desire and rejoicing, and rested on their mountain sides, "dusky with woods," or in their fields, wet with dews of the summer nights.

Even Demeter Erinnyes, the awful and passionate Mother Earth, cared for the young lambs and little children; and there was always some God who would pity and help a wanderer on his journey, though it were a flight from the

wrath of another deity;—some flying bird or rippling stream, to cheer him with a sign of hope. So far as it was possible they eschewed the very names of ill omen and pain, being specially endowed with that cheerfulness of temperament which springs from powerful vitality and perfect health. Hope was their supreme virtue, which overleaps evil, and will not see it; not faith, which may live in its perpetual presence, and survive its keenest torture.

Any one who suffered any sorrow beyond the ordinary disappointments of life, was shunned by them as hated of the Gods and the prey of the Erinnys. So Antigone stood almost alone in her ministry to the afflicted Ædipus, and we find no consolation, no tender solace of pity, in their stories of anguish, and but little of human sympathy. Amidst the clashing of Olympic chariot wheels, and the excitement of wars with the Persians, the Grecian youth might have said with Philip von Artevelde,

“We have no time to mourn.”

although the wise thoughtfulness of the friar's answer would have been very far from his heart.

“He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend,
Eternity mourns that.”

This deeper element of sorrow, which, under the name of contrition, has so large a place in our worship, is wholly absent from theirs, which is almost a revelry of sacred dances and alternate songs. The passion of love with them was always closely united with sensuous beauty and youth; and neither infancy nor old age—so touching in their very helplessness that they kindle our tenderest feelings into life—are often brought before our minds by their literature or their art. These dwell upon the thoughts of vigor, intellect and beauty, earthly skill and achievement, as completing the full round of a happy life. Their poets are “singers”; their heroes go into conflict with jest and laughter. In the flush of youthful power, which is characteristic of this race, all things which they desire seem not only possible, but easy of attainment, and in illustration you may see the incredible exploits and tasks they assign to their mythic heroes, Hercules, Jason, Theseus, Achilles. In reality they themselves displayed the most extraordinary intellectual facility and skill combined with great physical power; “the victor in the foot-race or wrestling-match might also win the prize for the ode or the trilogy; the man who wrote the *Medea*, received the athlete’s wreath at the Eleusinian games, and he who discovered the ratio of the hypotenuse was crowned for victory in boxing.”

A part of this was without doubt due to their method of instruction, which did not exalt the memory above the higher faculties, or extinguish the sense of firmness and enjoyment. Their schools of philosophy were those of the porch, the grove, the garden, as well as the lyceum and academy, and the very names of the first are redolent of the free, glad life out of doors. Their wise men uttered their thoughts in the golden sunshine or green shade to young men, whose eager eyes brightened as they listened, and whose voices rose in swift question or response,—to young men, who believed themselves of heroic ancestry, and so pledged to all things great and noble. Each little island, or district, had indeed its local heroic family, as you remember, Ajax belonged to the *Æcaidæ*, of the island of *Ægina*, and the sixteen statues in the temple of Zeus there—afterwards restored by Thorwaldsen when carried to Germany—are supposed to represent the deeds and struggles of Ajax during the war with Troy. They kept ever in remembrance—visibly commemorated by some beautiful form of art—the great acts of their countrymen or ancestors; and they were themselves in their tranquil power and athletic grace,—their glad, quick movements as unrestrained as a little child's—their exquisite beauty of feature and color—the strongest proofs of their noble descent.

They were a fearless race, and he who would think true thoughts must also think bold ones;—fearless, not only of the “barbarians,” as they haughtily termed the other races, but even of the more dread and mysterious forces of nature, which they perceived to be vital and full of movement. They represented these to themselves, when brought into contact with man, under the wonderful and pathetic myth of Demeter, and later, they symbolized wilder nature as the God Pan, with his Fauns, Satyrs, and Hamadryads; and either myth,—of the earth in its motherhood—or its riot and wild freedom—wore few aspects of terror to their dauntless outlook. They did not hesitate to level their shafts of irony at the Gods themselves, and question the justice of their traditional dealings with men. But with all their mocking wit, they were by nature artistic and poetic, and united to their fearless love of nature a twin passion for humanity, which inspired them with a noble earnestness and fire of thought in their higher moods. It is interesting to watch the interfusion of these two loves in all their conceptions. If one, young and fair, must die; slain, they say, by the special wrath or jealousy of some God, will he not return again in some blooming flower, or soaring bird? And with the bitter taste of the wild mint, they inter-

weave some story of human resentment, or find in the plaintive cry of the sea-mew, and the brooding calm of the halycon, some lingering trace of human sorrow or love ; as the Oriental saw in the wistful glance of his beast of burden some pitiful story of a brother in bondage.

Both from their peculiar vitality of temperament, and the manner in which they acquired knowledge, they became a race of speakers as well as thinkers. Oratory was not a distinct profession, requiring special training, for the language of a people so devoted to music and song, could not fail to grow soft, flexible and rythmical ; and the Greek child inherited skill in its use at its birth. The father told to children and grandchildren legends of the Gods, or stories of the noble and brave who fell in war. Shepherds recited songs at their rural games and feasts, or told with lively gestures, as they watched their flock, resting from the noon-day heat, some tale of Oread or Hamadryad, whose rustling footsteps they themselves perchance had heard ! We are told that Herodotus so recited his history at the Olympic festival that Thucydides, a boy of fifteen, was moved to tears. And when the dead, who had died in defense of their country, were brought back to rest in the last, silent slumber, the greatest of their statesmen uttered their sad eulogium.

But simple narrations could not long content hearers, whose nerves thrilled and pulses beat with such quick, warm life. I think not even the recital of Homer,—although the eyes of the listening mothers must have been wet with tears at the sorrows of Andromache and Astyanax, and the wrath of Achilles was surely reflected in the knit and sullen brows of the men who heard;—not even Homer's could have fully sufficed them. For in their own thought, history simulated life; they saw every deed with the rapid movement of reality, with every changing phase of look, tone or gesture. They would have a story tangible and visible as well as audible, alive with motion, warm with color; and from these vivid conceptions and intense emotions flowered forth the drama, which was at once the blossom and crown of Ionian culture.

With the characteristic audacity of this bold race, they placed their theatres “with the sky above, and the sea before their seats,” and dared to stand face to face with nature, undwarfed by her magnitude, and unabashed. It took great thoughts to keep time worthily with the mighty rythms of wind and wave. You must imagine—if you would transport yourself back to that day—a great multitude assembled to hear these, row after row of breathless faces. When the spell is broken they will pour through

the streets, a seething, tumultuous crowd, noisy again with repartee and laughter. But now! you see them with heads slightly bent forward, lips half apart, eager eyes fixed on the stage, as silent and motionless as one great listener. The personal magnetism is so strong that every feeling which stirred the poets' words, sweeps also these flexible and mobile lineaments that brighten or darken at a tone. In such an audience—and in no other—was it possible that the rough and ignorant murderers of Ibycus, feeling a sudden shadow darken the air, and seeing the cranes flying overhead with harsh notes, should cry out, "See there! See there! the cranes of Ibycus!" and so convicted themselves of the murder of the lonely traveler on the mountain path, where only these winged creatures were witnesses.*

In the whole of modern history only one period resembles the spirit of Ionian Greece in its spirit and vitality,—the period of Sydney and Shakspeare and Spenser. When a subject of England refused a crown because his first title was the noblest, and the author of the fair,

*Note on the story of Ibycus.—Demeter might be supposed, after her long and sorrowful journey, seeking for her lost child, to look with peculiar favor and compassion upon travelers, therefore the discovery of the murderers of Ibycus by the cranes, birds which were sacred to her. One myth thus strikes a tangled net-work of fine roots through all Greek art and literature.

quaint romance of *Arcadia* died the hero of Zutphen,—when a vast country of untrodden land was added to the little kingdom of islands, and the fancies of men bloomed into rare masques and sweetest madrigals. It was then the English drama reached its culmination. Its revival is impossible unless we could bring back the conditions of the Elizabethian age, or the social atmosphere of Athens, in which this intense mental activity so ran the great circle of life, that men not only thought fair thoughts as they drew breath, but thought deepened into feeling, and feeling quickened into action and form.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GERMANIC SPIRIT OF CONFLICT.

“Our life was but a battle and a march.”—*Schiller*.

AGAIN we enter a new world. The harmony and symmetry of the more limited Greek life disappears and we find everywhere antagonism and conflict. The nature which surrounds these men of the north country is cold, bare, unfriendly; the earth will not yield her harvests without the hard labor of human hands; the sea would soon chill to death the boldest swimmer who should trust himself to its dark waves. The whistling winds blow shrilly through the fir-woods, snows and storms obscure the air, and the summer is a swift dream “between a sleep and a sleep,” full of sweetness, but soon gone. The conditions of existence here, are endurance, energy and courage; not without toil is the fire-

wood procured for winter, or the harvests gathered into barns; and the chase is for use as well as pleasure, for the skins of wild beasts serve as covering and their flesh as meat.

The marks of such earnest lives are impressed upon the Scandinavian myths,—of Odin, pacing along with the dark ravens, Thought and Remembrance, beside him,—Thor, with his mighty hammer,—the sorrow of earth and heaven at the death of Balder, who was the shadow type of Christ. The idea of antagonism between distinct elements,—warring powers of good and evil—pervades this strong, sad runic lore. It is an earnest race which receives it, which afterwards sets the mark of its earnest thought on all it does, so that even its grotesque designs are full of seriousness and grave suggestion. Such are the *Knight and Death*, and *The Dance of Death*, by Dürer and Holbein, and such a spirit inspires the quaint and profuse decoration of gothic architecture. It is more interior, it has more and deeper life than the races which foreran it. When the Hebrew bows himself, “earth to the earth,” in those strong words which our translation does not approach, it is to escape exterior penalties, — poverty, disease, worst of all, exile; the Greek, with all his hopefulness in outward adversity, shrinks with horror from the sorrow of the soul, the remorse

for sin, which his light nature so ill comprehends that he deems it a mark of the wrath of the Gods; but the Germanic mind perceives suffering, not as a mere punishment, but as an inherent element of higher development; "a baptism, a regeneration, the initiation into a new state. The yearning memories, the bitter regret, the agonized sympathy, the struggling appeals to the Invisible Right, * * can do the work of years, so that one may come out from such great anguish with a soul full of new awe and pity." Into the Northern Valhalla entered only the souls of heroes slain in conflict, and when this contest and pain came within, the strange element of spiritual life was awakened. Here lies the impassable line which separates our emotions, our thoughts, our characters from the past. There is no race more external than the Shemitic tribes apart from the spirit of inspiration; beautiful as are Greek art, culture and power, it is the beauty only of man's natural life, but christianity kindled again the spiritual nature. Even in the old sagas there seemed to be a foreshadowing of the sorrowful, passionate, earnest side of christian faith, so that the Germanic races readily laid down their old pagan idolatries for the acknowledgment of the christhood of God. And the Germanic races have become the especial exponent and representative

of christian and spiritual thought, as the southern races of Europe have of the forms and emotional life of the christian faith.

This spirituality then, which was born of the spirit of Christ, characterizes our new civilization, forms the boundary line between the new and the old. On the one side lies the youth, on the other the adult age, of humanity. The new nature seeks, not happiness, but purification from unclean and base desires, as its end. Every circumstance of northern life,—its struggle and limitations—the isolation of many lives—even the long, dark winters of its rigorous climate—was well filled to foster a deeper morality, a more interior development of soul. It is so easy to brood over old days and the wounds that ache still, to nourish our aspirations and our dreams, in the silence of the cold outer world, where the fall of snow hushes even a passing footstep, and all of life seems to burn within. In the loneliness the soul rises up as its own judge and accuser, and thought after thought, desire after desire, appear and disappear before this secret and mysterious tribunal. Thus the recognition of human responsibility, the knowledge of the subtle movements of the will, grow in strength and light. The Oriental mind, with its states of vision and seership on the heavenly side, and its horrible obsessions on the other,

never seems wholly to attain freedom. "Hath not the potter power over the clay?" From the smooth tongue of the Greek comes the story of men beguiled by the Gods, not knowing what they do, as *Ædipus*; or you are told with ready excuse of the Chamber of Fate,

"Where the three blind old women sit spinning the world."

The Germanic mind alone sees man as master of his fate, and knows that the snare about his feet is woven by his act and will. In Goethe's great work, *Faust* deliberately chooses between life and death with open eyes. He is not blinded by *Mephistopheles*, he is free to summon or reject him. In the four supreme tragedies of the Anglo-Saxon mind, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, we see passion brooding, quickening into life, wavering to and fro in the still possible choice, and at the last, of its own will, plunging forward to the dark end. Always is the conquest possible at the beginning, although it may be attained only through contest and pain. *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, standing on the brink of unseen worlds, and called by unearthly voices, still recognize the freedom of their wills. To such souls belong fearful combats between their lower and higher natures in the hour of temptation, but a deep strength is theirs, which enables them to endure to the end. After the throes

of self-abnegation, a new peace is born—a higher life—and they see the “new heavens” arise above them.

Germanic civilization is not only more interior, but also more complex than the old, because it bears the impress of the fore-running ages. The thoughts of sanscrit lore send many a thread-like and hidden vein through our philosophy and language, and in our modern literature its Hebraisms lie side by side with the distinct, straight conceptions of the Greek. While this wonderful complexity nourishes a richer individuality in the noble mind, it has acted unfavorably on all arts which express character by color and form, for characteristic figures and groups are found chiefly where the conditions of life are simple, and classes distinct. Music is more peculiarly the subtle interpreter through its own sweetness and pain, of our restless aspirations, our sorrows and faith. It has developed into a great art through the modern spirit, of which its own spirituality, its interwoven harmonies of two elements, its infinite longings partake. Perfection of form culminated in Athens, and richness of color in the strange and dream-like Venetian City, but the fullest wonders of tone and harmony, of rich chords and varying melody have been unfolded to the Germanic mind.—Because the innermost life of music vibrates with

our own yearnings and is full of the breath of our life, it flows into our souls with sayings which no words can fathom.

The restlessness and conflict of our civilization affect every individual life. * The nerves quiver with the flash of telegrams along the vibrating wires, and upon the sensitive brain presses the confusion of our multiform toil, and the hurrying excitement of our overcrowded cities.—While we have learned so many things, have we not forgotten one art—of enjoyment? In the onward rush of our full, swift days, we often miss utterly the lovely, unconscious growth which needs rest and room and quiet.

How different from the old life! Then a man was born with the unmixed blood of one race in his veins, belonged to a fixed class, inherited his handicraft from father and grandsire. His memories and impressions were formed by the sights and sounds surrounding his little hamlet—the great castle in the distance, the birds wheeling about its turrets at sunset, the dawn, creeping up over the dark and moist fields, the bells ringing for vespers or angelus, the sound of greetings in his own tongue at market-place or fair. His neighbors were akin to him in spirit and blood, sharing the same faith and local superstitions, following the same standard into battle through generations, and relating

kindred legends of hero and saint. His garb told his history and position—as the black gown marked the friar, and the coat of mail the warrior. His life was woven of one substance and pattern throughout, and equally of one fabric were the lives above and below him. Here the artist who delights in the color of life finds his richest field, and the picturesque side of art begins—where in one long procession pass peasants and armed men, fair women and humble servitors, priests and traders, the pomp of princes and the beggar in tatters side by side—each life written in marked and visible characters.

We may see the change now in the faces around us. The very type of feature is altered, and instead of the straight outlines, the single expression, the repose of the Greek face; instead of the strength and grave stateliness of the Elizabethan era, we see countenances which are baffling, contradictory, troubled. Everywhere you find these, stamped with the many-sided and changing spirit of the age. Their lines are deciphered with difficulty, for each subtle emotion or thought which passes is compounded of many elements, folded one after another with the recesses of consciousness. Robert Browning's poetic studies are extremely characteristic of this multiform and nervous nature. In his "Book and the Ring" you will

remark that where he gives you one act, he gives you a thousand motives and influences. Indeed, I believe we have a life which the ancients did not possess, and could not comprehend. All our emotions are complex; the minor notes pierce through our gayest music, a strange ecstasy lifts up our pains and anguish, It is like the garden and its revellers in the picture of Venice, when the viol hushes

“ And the brown faces cease to sing,
Sad with the whole of pleasure.”

With but few exceptions the garb and external life of this age are monotonous and characterless. It is from the face alone that you learn man's history, and then it is the ever-changing vitality of the profound spiritual life, rather than fixed event or station—what he is, rather than what he does—a study of character from George Eliot, rather than the old romance-story of adventure and rescue—which you see before you in the groups you pass, the men or women you meet. We no longer enter life in dramatic fashion, as hero and heroine, courtiers, soldiers, attendants, name and part assigned. Each in his turn is centre in his world of life, and again ministers to another, but in ever-varying relations and phases of mood. And with this

change in our apprehension of life have followed changes in the form and spirits of our arts and literature.

Our greatest writers teem with characters, motley and diverse figures, laughing, reasoning, loving, hating, pressing towards the light. See how crowded is the story of "Faust"—a chorus of mighty spirits, the earth-story with the cold and mocking tempter, the dreaming Faust, the passionate and pathetic character of Margaret, the garrulous Martha,—and then the wonderful Walpurgis—night on the Herz Mountains,—the world of wierd sprites and gnomes,—the "eerie forge of the dwarf people," in the second part, the song of the Fauns, dancing with oaken crown on crispy hair, of the Sirens and of Ariel.

"Horchet! horchet! dem sturm der Hosen."

strike flashing scintillating images of fiery power and light across your mind in rapid, vibrating succession. And even behind these dazzling and ineffaceable figures and tones of harmony, lies another world, yet—of nature, the old woods, "where bough crooks out from bough in stubborn state," the murmuring of the brooks, or their onward rush—"Bach zu Bachen"—the summit glow on the old chapel, and that lovely glimpse of peace and quiet, where—

"In waves of silver, drifting
On to harvest, rolls the corn."

The characteristic mind of the Anglo-Saxon race is Shakspeare. Each character of his is complex, with the imprint, wonderfully complicated, which inheritance, temperament, education, calling, the age, society, conversation, habits have stamped on every man,—an incommunicable and individual imprint, which once stamped in a man, is not found in any other.—Behind one word he conceals a picture, an attitude, a long argument abridged, a mass of swarming ideas. From amidst his complex conceptions, and colored semi-vision, he grasps a fragment, a quivering fibre, and shows it; it is for you, from this fragment to divine the rest. He weaves plot within plot; “Hamlet” and “Taming the Shrew,” and “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” contain a play within a play. In the last, slight as is its texture, he draws three worlds; the noble Theseus with his Amazon bride, and the misled and ardent lovers in the May-wood, are as distinct from the gross Athenian workmen with their simple vanities, as the aerial fairy brood which haunt the thymy banks and blooming thickets. The Arcadian story of Perdita and Florizel in the “Winter Tale” is a complete romance apart from the statelier measure of the noble Hermione’s history. All his fools and clowns are depicted with the careful and characteristic detail of the Flemish artist.

Scarcely does a figure cross his stage without our learning something of his life, habits, ambitions, and even ancestry. He paints for you at one stroke, the past, future, and present environment; and you gain the outlook and insight of vision at once.

Totally unlike this was the work of the Greek artist. In architecture, he conceived a regular Temple, pure, chaste, well-balanced,—in sculpture, a symmetrical group of two or three, rarely more, “a young, upright man raising an arm”—in drama, “a wounded warrior who will not return to camp, though they beseech him.” The minor characters are intentionally denuded of individuality to heighten the central conception, which stands clear-cut as a head in cameo. This is the meaning of the Greek choruses, of those indistinct figures in the background, who do not interfere with the single, isolated image, which at one flash is imprinted upon your remembrance.

We cannot measure more definitely the great chasm which divides the two types of character than by looking at the different interpretations of the old-world stories, which both races have loved. For instance, the tale of Alcestis. The Greek has told you in glad colors and simple outlines, so far as he could—of the life of King Admetus in Thessaly, of his strange herdsman

on the banks of the Amphrysus, and the beautiful Alcestis, who gave up her life for her husband's. This is the end for the Greek, but to the Germanic mind it is the beginning, for our life takes up the thread of theirs and continues it. Here we wonder and muse—did Alcestis indeed die?—what thoughts were hers in that last strange hour?—what memories of old springs, when the wild blossoms were white around her father's house?—what insight into the worthlessness of human desires?—what vision of coming light?—what still, white peace? And so Admetus lived! But what came afterwards? The shameful, low life, empty of honor and love,—the vacant days without the quiet presence in the rooms,—he seeks to bring all these with their accompanying emotions and images before his mind. The Greek gives only what he can see, or hear; the anger which flushes the cheek, the love that shines in the eye; but the Northern mind lays bare the quivering fibres of the soul, the sudden pang, the swift, pathetic remembrance, the twisted web of feeling and intellect and image.

Or read the story of Cupid and Psyche, so wonderfully lovely and fresh and sweet. The Greek tells you of the union of the two lovers. Without doubt higher minds, educated partly under the mystical influences from the East,

saw a higher meaning in the myth; but to the common crowd of the Greeks the story only tells how

“Satyrus

Did blow his pipes; Pan touched his reed—and so
At last were Cupid and Psyche married.”

(Metamorph Lib. VI.)

And the tale ends joyfully, as if with a glad tinkling of cymbals. But the wistful German heart lingers still over the old fable. Where all is so sweet, is there no more behind? In the story of the poor wandering Psyche, the soul, he reads somewhat of his own life and longings. Like his own youth she arises before him, as

“Looking o’er the lands

She stood with straining eyes and clasped hands.”

or when

“ Like a thin dream she passed the chattering town,
And on the thronged quays watched the ships come in,
Patient, amid the strange, outlandish din.”

Even so we are always watching, yearning, seeking an invisible good, in a world that is soon estranged from us, and forgetful of our presence. And when so weary with hard tasks, foot-sore with rough journeyings, full of discouraged fears, she falls asleep, all her work still undone, and the cruel punishment waiting for her awakening, then lo!

“ This Love put his hand out in a dream,
And straight out stretches all things.”

—is not this the great work which love desires to do for all souls? This meaning throws its roots deep into the essential nature of our incomplete and aching lives, made whole and sound only by the Highest Love, which is most near us when we know it not.

Even our own love far outreaches our actions or our intellect. Repeat but once more the beautiful line I have just quoted, and think how true it has been with the three races whom I have chosen as representative. “ This Love just puts his hand out in a dream,” and so the three ideal characters, Joseph, Hector and King Arthur of the round table, the imaginary hero and king, and the young shepherd of the east, strike at once as with a flash of light the goal towards which our centuries, with all their added growth, but slowly move. In a barbarous age, and born of a barbarous race, each exhibits the most consummate results of christian culture; amidst the alien elements of his very household, each stands

“ Like a conscience amidst the warning senses,”

and each, the Trojan, with his inherited instincts of pride and scorn; the Hebrew, born of

a revengeful and perfidious race ; the Briton, who rules a half savage people, moves among secret and open foes with a spirit of tenderness, forbearance and forgiveness which fills the dark places of their ages with strange light. You will think I am strangely confusing the poetic and historic sources of knowledge in placing these three together, but even as the soul parts from the body, so the ideal portion of a historic character is at least distinguished from the material and veritable man of flesh and blood. They become at last such influences as these poetic conceptions which we call purely ideal. They become great thoughts, august virtues, images of a heavenly life, and we forget that they too knew the weariness and the littleness of our earth in their days that are past, if this far-reaching love illumines them. The characters of intellect and action are soon superseded and distanced by further developments, and only the ideals of love remain the same.

No great thought that has ever been quickened with action into love can be lost, whether it has been embodied in the life of a man who dies, or a race, whose glory perishes. The dead "hold in mortmain all their old estate," for on their side lies reality and completion ; theirs, I conceive, are the only whole and consummate existences. The great law of the continuity of

life is strikingly shown in the history of modern thought, of the influences of the Hebraic spirit and its germinative processes, and of another period of conception and birth, no less marked, in the *renaissance* of the fifteenth century, when Greek letters, Greek philosophy and Greek art came in contact with modern races. The artistic side of the renaissance in Italy really dates from the thirteenth century when a bas-relief, the chase of Meleager, was brought from Greece in a Pisan galley and placed in the Campo Santo where Nicolo Pisano saw it, and studied with such wonder and delight its marvels of grace and beautiful form that he leaves for it all the teachings of the Byzantine school. From this simple beginning Art springs up with fresh vitality, and adding to its rich gift of color the classic grace of form it blooms into the fecund ages of Giotto, Raphael, Angelo, Da Vinci, Bellini, Giorgione Titian, putting forth shining flowers that have thrown their light and fragrance far over the seething and troubled waves of our civilization.

Cut without the deeper significance, the spiritual vitality, the purer faith of christianity, no such work would have been possible. Especially does Michael Angelo, however imbued with classic thought in the beginning of his career, show in his greatest works, the fire, the earnest-

ness, the depth of this new life. In Germany the result of the revival of Greek letters was philosophic rather than asthetic, and we see a quickening and freedom in German thoughts and writings but no change in the character of these. Still does the line between the interior and exterior, the spiritual and natural lives run distinct and broad.

The enjoyment of nature in the two races is strikingly different. With the Greek there is but little perception of color, of varying light, and shade, but a quick delight in form, motion, sound, all that speaks of life in nature, an intense rapture that clothes this perception of life with personality and visible shape, and sees these images of his own fancy rejoicing, piping, dancing, mating together, leading such joyous lives as he beholds in all wild sylvan creatures. But the mind that is touched with the christian light rises higher, and sees in nature an image of its spiritual life, knows in her its own moods of light and joy, of darkness and storm. Hence it is that we so specially delight in the more complex, the more subtle and fleeting enjoyment of color, the rich after-glow of the vanished sun, the dark shadows of fir-woods, the thousand tints and lights and flying shades on the water, or on the rolling grain, the soft, rich hues of autumn days; color set to color in con-

trast or harmony⁹ like full chords and sweet melodies of music. There is some suggestion of humanity to us in each of these, of its inner life; there is fire and passion in the violet and gold, peace and rest in the cool green shadows and far blue lights, a melancholy in the brooding storm, unsatisfied desire in the wailing wind. So the Christian mind, the Germanic thought, found exquisite hope and joy in the spring, a symbol of its highest faith—the resurrection of the soul—in its Easter days when light struggled against cold and darkness in the ceaseless conflict of two elements, and the light conquered, and tender flowers sprang up from the shadowy under-world, and the empty chrysalis, the broken egg-shell spoke of life that had risen higher. Everywhere in the old German verses, in the earlier Anglo-Saxon poets, you find this rapture at the returning breath of spring—the bloom of a new paradise—the May of life. But even as we see the image of the soul in the lower world of nature, we behold it farther off, a world apart, not interfused with humanity as it seemed in the day of the joyous Greeks.

From the life of the strong Greek hero who overcame his foes, who loved his friends, who rejoiced in warmth and summer light, in the good comradeship of green hills and the river's voice at sultry noon, who did not fear Olympus

greatly, being also a "son of the Gods," we come into a far different world. The christian nature is not einfach — one-fold; the young knight sins and suffers and repents, he fasts and watches and rides forth on long and lonely quests, cheered by a vision, and seeking ever an ideal good. His own enemies he must forgive, and be very pitiful to all weak and tender creatures, to old age and infirmity. In battle he does not conquer by his strong arm,

" His strength is as the strength often,
Because his heart is pure."

His life is not so bright that he should love only light and summer and joyous creatures; he sees also a significance in lonely and dark places, and shadows over which the dawn breaks. There is ever a struggle in his own heart as in the world about him; angels and demons, low desires and great loves war within him and without him, and there is no rest but death. Standing between two worlds, the known and the unknown, he knows darker fears, more ineffable dreams, and life is to him a shadow in the light of eternity.

CHAPTER V.

IDEAL FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

KINGSLEY ends his romance of "Hypatia" very beautifully by saying that all the races, the Goth, the Greek, the Hebrew, live still in our lives; their ruling ideas, their characteristic loves are not extinct, but are found yet in the mixed element of our society and age. Each man indeed in his youth and boyhood knows the wild freedom and gaiety of the natural life; as he grows older he enters into the region of doubt and temptation and sorrow and earnest work, and if his life has been faithful to his perceptions of virtue, he comes into the last years when one waits and prays and rests from labor, with a heart as child-like as those of the earlier and simpler races of our earth. In his own life is the journey, the feast, the battle, and afterward the rest.

But if a man journeys, it is towards human faces which will welcome him with greetings of

smiles and eager looks ; it is with his friends that he rejoices at the festival ; and even in combat it is for others that he fights. Man is not wholly man save by his relations to others, and these relations organized into form constitute governments. The same vital and ideal spirit which pervades all individual intercourse from the highest to the lowest exists here also, and the true statesman sees the ideal of his country before him as the poet and the artist see their arts.

All organizations possess one thought which is central and dominant, and which molds into its own image and likeness whatever is brought into contact with its working. So wherever monarchy is the genuine choice of a people, the true results of its thoughts and feelings, the social and domestic relations, the morality, literature and art will differ widely from those of a country whose intellectual action is best expressed by a republic.

In the monarchic ideal the first element is that of leadership, or personal greatness, which is afterwards changed by traditions of heroic ancestry into hereditary rights and the nobility of blood. The second is continuity, or inheritance, by which the first idea of leadership is conveyed in a permanent form through the supposed continuous transmission of inherited virtues and powers. The third element is perma-

nence, admitting no reactive force, so that authority is absolute, and action against it, rebellion; and from this thought, leavening the whole man, proceed fixed social grades, military discipline, the monarchic organization. But it is impossible for this monarchic ideal to attain full realization. Even if such leaders as the mythic kings of the old legends were given in the beginning, their sons might turn aside to false gods; and other and alien blood, and lower traits might be inherited at every remove, until their descendants on the very ground of transmission would be unfit to claim allegiance. Also the law of growth perpetually develops new forces, so that a government of absolute authority has the new powers of the printing press, telegraph and railroad, new activities of mind, and opportunities for organization and union, to contend against to-day, in addition to the old antagonistic forces. The principle of limitation causes a large monarchy to be steadily opposed by smaller kingdoms allied together, or another monarchy equal in size and power. This produces a "balance of power," which is republican in spirit.

The monarchic influence must be regarded as two-fold in power; first, its wholly spiritual influence over the individual minds who love and revere this ideal; secondly, the actual working

of the imperfectly realized organization on masses. Both of these, acting in unison, will permeate the whole of society with the same thought. As the king is obeyed by his kingdom, so are his governors by their provinces, and his generals by their armies. So also are the lords by their vassals, and a father by his household. Every separate atom of the crystal repeats its form. From the continual exercise of this power, springs the reverence and filial obedience, which are given either in form or reality, as the rule is just or unjust. From this also do the social forms of a monarchic court proceed, a gracious courtesy on the one hand, and on the other, deference and graceful regard. The agreeable and delightful side of life is continually presented, and we see the quaint dignity and grace of the Court dances. Watteau festivals with elaborate costumes and attitudes. Vandyke Portraits, compliments and ceremonial. All these outward forms are beautiful or insipid, as they express true feeling, or the opposite. After a long interval of time, when one looks back to such a society, it appears like a blooming garden full of gracious and stately figures, who engage in the slow dances, or in smiling converse, but when one is actually in the midst of such scenes, he perceives much weariness and formality.

If we leave this shining surface, and penetrate farther down among the lower and ruder classes, we will find by strange contrasts, that the heroic ideal of those is, in its simpler form, merely an expression of strength. The hero of the "folk-songs" is a gallant leader in battle, a strong ruler of men, a soldier who dies bravely. Their ballads, as those of the Cid, the Douglass, and the Percy, delight in the rude details of battle, and the hand-to-hand conflict. But where the moral atmosphere is higher, and the range of thought broader, the sensibility is no longer satisfied with this grosser characteristic, but requires strength rightly and tenderly used, under the names of generosity and magnanimity. Where these form the heroic ideal, the ballads ripen into the grander forms of the epic and the tragedy. The Scandinavian songs grow into the "Eddas," the Skaldic songs into the Icelandic Sagas. As the "Iliad" is the slow crystallization of floating Greek traditions and poetry into a grand whole, so is the stirring epic of the "Niebelungenlied" of the German folk-lore, and romance. The stories of "King Lear" and the "Merchant of Venice" are found in earlier ballads, and the tragedies of Æschylus come, by his own avowal, from the materials of Homer. The same root thought,—growing, broadening, blossoming into more perfect harmony and symmetry of form—is common to both.

The virtues which respond to this ideal, are faith, loyalty, gratitude, patience, and fidelity. For the monarchic sentiment is like the feminine mind in its character; this either looks up to the husband who is stronger, or down to the child that is weaker, and does not often move on the plane of equality and friendship; and so chivalry, which is the flowering of this form of government, has much to say of generous deeds done for the weak and helpless, and of their gratitude, but dwells little on reciprocal aid and mutual work. A group of peasants of La Vendée will best illustrate the character of a people permeated by this thought as its best. They will be a simple, kindly, honest race, of little learning, but delighting in legends of saints and their heavenly guardianship, and in traditions of the heroes of their own land; and by these, in the passionate fervor of a crisis, their own spirits will kindle, and flash to unexpected heights of valor and self-abnegation.

All the arts of a kingdom are more or less colored by the monarchic feeling. Architecture, influenced by this, will give us the fortress, the palace, and the cathedral. The first expresses strength; the second, with its long vistas of splendid rooms, repeated on every side by large mirrors,—its rows of marble pillars, whereby each part of the building echoes the other,—its

wide and lengthening halls, and winding labyrinths of stately pleasure grounds, seems to dwell upon the thought of continuity in endless succession, while the lofty summit and wide-extended wings express the ideas of eminence and protection. The cathedral utters in form the thought of permanence; and the elements of veneration and endurance without change impart a deep sentiment of awe to the beholder. With its rising dome and cross-surmounted spires, it cleaves the sky, and with long-drawn aisles and echoing transepts, it leads to the altar, suffused with the rich-colored light from the pictured windows, and adorned with marble forms of Deity or Saint. In every part rests the expression of serene and immutable repose. You see the worshippers kneeling, and remember that through long successive years, generation after generation have knelt here to adore, and have arisen, going their way to dust that ends all to the earthly vision. But there is no flaw in the white marble, the colors are no shade less lustrous as they fall on the ashes of the dead; the sunshine still creeps forward upon this silent dial of time.

The melodies which float to us from this realm of thought, are emotional in their character. The choiring voices pour out the full tide of rapture or agony from the adoring souls, and

find perfect utterance to its worship in the anguish-stricken strains of Jacopone De Todi, the celestial masses of Mozart, the solemn chants and jubilant chorals of the Catholic Church. Or as we return to the world we hear the ravishing and light sweetness of the Italian schools,—all the soft southern melody that allures, carresses and floats upon the surface of the soul—the music of the loves and festivities of the court.

Artists, whose imaginations have been kindled at this flame, give to our sight the rapture of adoring vision, altar-pieces, the Royal Virgin Mother and the Holy Child, Jesus, surrounded by the saints of the earth, St. Jerome, St. Sebastian, St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, and the “glorious hierarchy of heaven,” angels rejoicing like Fra Angelico’s in the serene blue skies, or choiring like Mantegna’s singers, or standing silently as Corregio’s, with a white lily in the hand for the annunciation of the Royal birth.

And in sculpture, mighty and majestic figures in marble, like the horned Moses of Michael Angelo, rise up with strange grace and dignity. They all hold a princely rank, and overawe us with their solemn and still brows, or smile down to us with gracious pity. But their silent presence is not of us, or of our life.

That intellectual philosophy which owns no authority but the truth; and science, whose

progress is of itself a succession of revolutions overthrowing often time-honored hypotheses by one new discovery, thrive only in that limited and constitutional form of monarchy which is most accurately described as a "veiled republic." The monarchical spirit of authority is not in consonance or sympathy with the principles of these; and if science is ever protected by a despotic court, it is rather from the outward and material benefits which accrue from her triumphs over the physical world, than from a scientific spirit.

The schools of science group themselves around the ideal republic as the elder schools of art around the monarchy. Indeed, as this new central influence acts upon the domain of thought and feeling, all things move into different positions and assume new stations. It is intellectual rather than emotional; it reveres law rather than miracle, conscience instead of authority, justice instead of grace; in the place of war it develops commerce, and aspires towards the realization of the great human unity.* Its three elements, in contrast to leadership, permanence and continuity, are equality, movement and individuality. This equality is one of certain fundamental rights, which do not remain the same but increase as the race is educa-

*See Emilio Castelar's "Republican Movement."

ted and developed, as an adult enters into new powers and possessions when the age of childhood is over. It is an underlying basis to the inequalities and degrees of natural genius, virtue, strength and beauty by which we are distinguished from one another, and also to the artificial grades of our complete modern society. A perfect level is not more possible than a vacuum, which nature abhors, and this equality does not conflict with grades and degrees, by which reciprocal aid is rendered throughout the whole body politic. It is simply the equal right of every individual and class to be governed for its own good, and not for the good of any other more privileged person or class.

The element of movement is an essential part of the republican idea; and it holds law to a certain extent in a state of fusion to be moulded according to the new forms of events with their special exigencies. But this power of altering old laws, or framing new ones, must be regulated by fundamental principles in harmony with the central idea, must be limited in its use. There is no element of the ideal republic more frequently misinterpreted than this of change and progress. It is not expressed by the disorderly advance of a rabble, each man according to his own will and in his own time, but by the regular march of well-ordered masses, keeping

step, and with unbroken ranks. It should be like the growth and development of a plant, whose embryo leaves pass into common leaves, these into bractea, the bractea into sepals, the sepals into flowering petals, which in their turn are transformed into stamens, anthers and ovaries that ripen into the seed-bearing fruit, so that by fine degrees the whole plant attains perfection, growing from seed to seed. The good existing in the old state is not to be destroyed, but revived in new forms suited to new needs. Violent disruptions are no essential part of the republican idea—which some seem to mistake for the revolutionary process—but belong to a state of transition where there is no stable government, and are more apt to be succeeded by absolute military authority than by orderly civil law.

The ideal republic is as impossible of perfect realization as the ideal kingdom ; and the reason is very clear—so long as men are imperfect, the government which expresses their will must also be imperfect. By action rather than theory, we have learned that the influence of that government is best, which blends in itself the two ideas, as in a constitutional monarchy, or an orderly republic, and which most fully develops good men and restrains evil, or—since men cannot be divided into distinct classes of good and evil,

but are of mixed quality—which most perfectly develops humanity and represses the brute in them. The present system of law, in awarding death to a criminal, does not debar from him any mitigation which humanity could ask. In man's moral as well as mental nature, authority and freedom are found side by side, correlative rather than antagonistic, and without both humanity can have no perfect growth. They are as necessary to each other as the masculine and feminine, the emotional and intellectual principles, and are found in beautiful relation in every wise government. Without the invisible power of law, which defines our rights, authority becomes oppression; without visible authority law is impotent. In the natural order of the household the mild monarchy of the father and mother is followed by the independence of adult age, each fostering and strengthening the other.

I have said that the republican ideal is intellectual in spirit, and its chief danger lies in its tendency to neglect the moral truths of love for mere subtlety of knowledge. By the very nature of a republic, intellect may secure its highest grade, and there is apt to be a predominance of mental training. A serious injury is inflicted upon a nation when technical skill and superficial brilliancy displace the sounder and

slower judgment and the domestic virtues. Our knowledge of Greek character shows how their moral nature was undertoned by the unhealthy stimulus of their form of government, although this was partially counteracted by the influence of art.

The characteristic virtues of the republic are sincerity, reciprocal aid, and justice. The old appeal for pity and charity becomes the demand of rights, inalienable and inherent in every form of life—the rights of animals to adequate protection and care—of criminals to all possible aid in reformation—of the poor to food, shelter, and work—of sound labor in either trade or service to respect and consideration — of children to kindly development—of women to freedom of thought and action. The law of individuality sends a fresher life through society, and the household influences tend towards freer and more distinct growth. The element of youth is pre-eminent, and manners are marked rather by simplicity and earnestness than the old courtly deference. It is not however until a government has passed the first stages of its establishment, that grace and beauty are attainable in social forms, for while the fiery, molten tide still rushes on in impetuous action, and the “men of bronze” who rule the combat, are predominant, repose is impossible.

The old utterances of the drama and the epic die away in this new age, but a new power in literature has arisen. The modern novel has been developed from the old romances, and is now used as a vehicle for the most profound thought and severest analysis of human nature and society. Without doubt it has aided in forming the broader basis of the new philosophic schools, which differ from the old metaphysics, as physiology from anatomy. The dramatic element survives in this form, and the greatest perfection of a novel consists in its close union of dramatic action and fire with thoughtful study of character and harmony of plan. The fusion of the two is shown by the ease with which one form is substituted for the other—as in Dicken's works, which scarcely need altering in an adaptation to the stage. The fine dramatic conceptions of "Chesney Wold," where the two black and veiled figures—the true and the fictitious Lady Dedlock—advance and recede, following the same pathway with such weird effect, is suggested in the original story, and so are also Tulkynghorn's words, which sound the jarring key-note of murder through all the glory of the moonlit garden. "The night is very still, it is as still as death."

In a republic all the arts partake of the republican idea. Architecture changes into house-

hold art, used for building larger and lovelier homes instead of palaces and cathedrals. In music one revolution succeeds another. Beethoven, with his full harmonies,

“That sweep the chords,
In which our heaven is set.”

was as daring an innovator to the masters of counterpoint and figure, as Wagner is now deemed. Gluck was a reformer to the light Italian school. “Its melodies are charming,” he said, “but they do not draw blood,” and he demanded the reunion of poetic verity with musical sound. Weber utters with his *Volk-Leider* and romances the voice of the people, and repeats their legends and fancies in his language of harmony. Painting also is changed by the new master-thought, and Lucas Kranach, Holbein and Hogarth establish a new school of art, whose sharp satires and rebukes fall heavily on those unworthily clothed with authority. The homely, every-day-life was invested with new interest by the Flemish painters, who portray the peasant's work, the simple inn and kitchen with pots and pans shining in the light, the old mill, the group around the beer-cask, with astonishing skill and vigor. Landseer opens the animal kingdom, and shows us the characteristic traits, the joys and sorrows of

these dumb creatures. We are not ashamed to weep over the little fawn seeking its mother—dead in the Highland snows, or the shepherd's faithful mourner, or the dog who defends his unconscious master from the terrible swoop of the Alpine eagles. In our landscapes the passion and the power of the mute earth are revealed.

“Nothing here is common or unclean.”

In the Athenian republic the exquisite simplicity and strength of sculpture were at their highest, for the statue is a visible form of individual grace, and stands apart as the embodiment of the serenest and brightest mood of republican influences. But somewhat of the kingly sentiment and hero worship was blended closely with classic republicanism, and so we have also their bas-reliefs, which are epics in form, and whose successions of grand and stately warriors, linked dancers, and long lines of laden worshippers, express the full idea of continuity.

I cannot pause here without quoting for you a beautiful paragraph, which illustrates the tenderness and closeness with which the arts group themselves around the ruling life of their time and country.

“I ask nothing of you, nothing, but that you will deal with the republic, think of it, feel for

it, as art has done in all days. Ask the poet of the republic, and he sings of it—as a woman. Ask the sculptor, and the myth arises, and stands up—a woman. Ask the artist, and you behold a woman. Think of it so, in its growth keep it as tenderly as you would the girl child you take from your wife's knees. Love it, and woo it with such pure ardour, as you would the woman you have chosen out of the whole world. Shield it from reproach or shame, as you would the sister nursed at the same breast; when it has grown old, guard it, as you would the grave of that mother who gave you birth."

PART III.—CHAPTER I.

THE ARTISTIC LIFE.

THE USES OF ART.

THE entire circle of the ideal life is complete in art. The desires, which first kindled the individual nature, become the intellectual apprehensions of the races; and nurtured by the visible and tangible arts, inspire human lives with fresh aspirations. Every work of genius is germinal, and grows in all soil fitted to receive it. It has this vitality because it is “the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace,” which its colors, forms and tones strive perpetually to express.

From the beginning a warfare has been waged between the visible and the invisible. Every life is called to choose between the angelic and the earthly, the interests of to-day and the ends of eternity, between spirit and matter, good and

evil, life and death. There is but one kingdom and the rule cannot be divided ; one must reign and the other serve. Wherever the lower conquers, you have the deathly philosophy and science which reduce men to the level of the brute, and regard all intellectual and spiritual life only as more subtle modifications of matter ; which limit human existence—as individual and human—to the fragment of three-score and ten imperfect years. It has been the glory of art that she has borne witness of the invisible virtues and powers of the soul,—of the human, spiritual and divine natures. “If the best in this kind are but shadows” they, like shadows, attest the presence of the substances which casts them. The attestation has been the source of all true life in art. Wherever she has laid aside the robes of her ministration to lend herself to the lower service of material pleasures, she has become a lifeless form, for the living and sacred flame which kindled the old signs and symbols into beauty, was gone.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Rome was one of the central cities of the world, and Italy stood foremost among the nations in her comprehension of the secrets of form and color, her requisite skill of workmanship, the learning of her universities, the bravery of her troops, her great cities, walled, paved and ter-

raced, and full of fountains, palaces and glorious churches. Many races were brought together by the extensive operations of her commerce. Even in the eleventh century the banners of Pisa were victorious on the seas, and her streets thronged with Hebrews, Arabians and traders from far off lands, bringing rich fabrics and gems and spices; and here began the revival of art—in the school of painting established by Nicolo Pisano, and in the architecture of the Pisan tower, baptistery and the Campo Santo.

The street life of Bruges, call the “Venice of the North” during its connection with the Indian and Lombard trade, glows upon the canvas of the Van Eycks, filled with ecclesiastics of various orders, courtiers wearing the badge of the Golden Fleece, peasants in quaint garbs, Italians, French, English, Jews and oriental merchants. And so the rich and varied life of Venice itself, with its intermingled elements of Greek and Eastern arts, flows into the work of Bellini, Giorgione, Tintoret, Titian and Veronese. In Etruscan Florence, inheriting the hand and eye of the artist from a race centuries old in art, receiving from the Romans the law of the city, from the Greek vitality and grace of form, energy and force from the wild races of Lombard and Norman soldiers and hunters, and from the Arabians, and other races of the east,

richness of color, and the dream of the solitary desert,*—in Florence we see the ripening of these in Cimabue, Giotto, Angelo, Raphael, Dante, Bocaccio, and many others.

But the tides of impulse and energy which flowed out from these great cities carried with them spiritual death and corruption, denial and rejection, instead of the life, the joyful affirmation which characterizes the religious movement of the century before when the heart of Europe was thrilled with conviction of love at the sound of one man's earnest voice. Now fierce sin and fraud, and sensual indulgence alternated with deadly lethargy and coldness. The brethren of the "Oratory of Divine Love" weep and mourn over those who choose, with faces averted from the light, the dark and miry places of sin. In Germany a movement of reaction has already begun, but is there no witness here? These people are of such a temperament and mind that they desire no abstract truth of doctrine, but truth in visible fairness. It is an age of restless and stained and mocking lives, but the people who shouted for joy at the sight of Cimabue's virgin, are not the less touched by Giotto's pathetic telling of the Agony in the Garden, by the birth of the Babe;—their hearts echo to the passionate cry of Dante's vision, and from

*See Ruskin's "Mornings in Florence."

the glowing altar and convent walls of Fra Angelico they learn somewhat of peace and purity, of innocence and reverence.

Raphael shows us an exquisite humanity, rather than a divinity, in his Mother and Child, yet I believe no one looking thereon could willingly deny heaven. All those artists who rendered by word or color their insight of love and faith, were witnesses of the light that shines but of Infinity. The followers of Michael Angelo called him "leader and master, but not," says Tyrwhitt, "until they had seen the hand and power of a Divine Master working with him." Among all the revelries of the evil land stood true and steadfast men who endured to the end.

It is interesting and significant that in Rome, (1500), two men were present, artist and monk, in whom the movements of new life in south and north thus came as it were in contact. These men were not wholly unlike in nature, though that of Angelo is higher and purer than Luther's, but each affirms, earnestly, strongly, indignantly, the reality of the spiritual life which he himself has learned with sharp pangs and throes. We do not find that they recognized each other. Michael Angelo was absorbed in his own message and land, and looked not beyond that. He was not a man of genial or sunshiny temperament; the world at its fairest had

never satisfied his soul, and his feet were set to go on their appointed way through hard and narrow, and made no pause for the world.

Nor has art ever been wholly silent in other lands; the artists in Germany, both in music and painting, have shown themselves imbued with the truth and freedom of their faith. In the English lectures on art, delivered before the University of Oxford, you will hear the full utterance of faith in the Lord and Giver of Life—for, “if this were disbelieved the elements of dissolution have already entered heart and soul.” Another English art writer exhorts all artists to return to sacred work in sacred places that the brightest and most spiritual life in art may be rekindled as when the life of Our Lord was the centre of its inspiration.

A little passage, which I read a short time since in “Old Kensington,” by Miss Thackeray, beautifully illustrates how the art of music affirms a spiritual life, and makes more noble and tender the listening soul. It is a modern concert which she describes:—“A thousand people were sitting in silent and breathless circles. An *andante* of Haydn’s was in the air. Though many sat motionless and stolid, you might have seen eyes dilating and shining, as mother’s eyes dilate and shine sometimes when they watch their children at play. The childless were no

longer childless, when that gentle, irresistible music shook from the strings of the instruments. The lonely and silent had found a voice, pent-up longings were set free. Other strings were sounding with the music, and it was not music, although it was harmony that struck and shook those mysterious fibres that bind men and women to life. The hopelessness of the lonely, the mad longings of the parted, the storm of life, all seemed appeased. A divine serenity was in the hall where the little tune was thrilling.

In former times men and women assembled in conclave to see wild beasts tearing their prey; to-day it was to listen to a song of Haydn's—a little song that did not last five minutes."

For this is always the sign of the highest art—that it appeals to the spiritual and pure in man, to the eternity within us, so that it may, if need be, touch a soul five hundred years hence with the same rapture and pity that thrilled us to-day. The Madonnas, the St. Sebastians and St. Jeromes of the early school of art retain their power, because of the love, the patience, the strength they express, not because of their several legends and superstitions which fall aside as the dry husk from the living seed. The inner meaning is not of one person, or time, or doctrine, but of the soul's life. So

the Greek Antinoces, Appollo, and Mercury are beautiful now as thoughts of skill and power and grace in manhood, beautiful, so far as the shadow keeps the outlines of the thought. It cannot be too earnestly remembered that it is the spiritual life of myth, image and sign, which makes them fecund and strong.

It is of this I mean to speak. I shall not tell you of the different schools of architecture, of the circular and pointed arches of the Saxon and Gothic styles, nor of the Doric and Ionic columns, but I shall try to show you what the spire and fortress hold of your own life. It is not to sculptors, or musicians, or painters, that I address myself, and therefore I need not use the technicalities of their arts, nor dwell upon their histories. I need not tell you of the Venetian school of color, or the Flemish painters of shade, but I must show to the looking eyes somewhat of the glow and life which the human soul has blended with the touch on the beloved canvas. The theory of Wagner is not needed, but we must know what is within us that is glad, and rejoices through the infinitely sweet freshness of Handel's Postoral Symphony, as if the world could never grow old. If I do not these things—if I cannot show you that art has much for the uncultured, the unhappy, the commonplace life—I shall fail indeed.

But I think I shall not fail, for every man desires something higher and fairer than his actual life and surroundings, and he will seek and find it in every pure form of art that is given. He will seek it because of his hunger in many a form that is not pure or high, but he will not find there the heavenly beauty of his untrained desire.

In the old ages of the world, art appealed to the common mind of the people, and thence came the artistic culture of the senses which had given the nations of the East and South their exquisite skill and grace, their delicacy of touch in all handicraft and their wonderful perception of color. The worker at the Indian loom, the old goldsmiths of Italy were using the culture of generations before. It was not only intellectual training, but in the self-control and patience required by the work it was in some degree a moral training. The subtle and clear perceptions of beauty which the Grecians, Egyptians, Hindoos, Assyrians, Etruscans, Italians, possess as races, were developed, and educated by the daily sight of the highest art, as displayed in the temple and palaces and sculptured ornaments of their great cities. Day by day these forms of loveliness were imperceptibly and unconsciously refining and quickening the ideas of the most stolid boor or peasant, until at last the

artistic atmosphere surrounded every detail and event of common life.

No less strong is art in its attraction to the ordinary mind to-day when it is once brought in contact with it. During a visit to Cincinnati, I often saw the beautiful Davidson Fountain, which makes such a lovely oasis of freshness in the dusty city. It was continually surrounded by delighted groups of lookers-on. Most frequently these were rough farmers, plain working men and women, newsboys and timid country girls. In watching their faces, kindled in genuine enjoyment, upturned earnestly to the lovely groups of statuary and the figures of the children, which so exquisitely illustrate the uses and delights of the living and sparkling water in all lands, I could not doubt that it was already a power in popular education. There was not a mind there that did not carry away a new and strong, although perhaps undefined perception of the exquisite significance of the fresh-flowing stream; nay, higher still, an interior consciousness of the loveliness of purity and truth. For these symbols touch you, even if you do not perceive it then; they touch and move you through the force of the indwelling spiritual life. I do not hesitate in my belief that he who gives what is beautiful in the green woods of parks, in fragrant gardens or fountains, or paintings does much to the development of a great people.

The very lowest in education and culture have their longing for the ideal element. I have seen few things more lovely than a little negro child, uncouth, untaught, wild, whom I once watched playing with a white lily. She held it with wonder and delight,—with an awe of its shining purity, that showed how vivid and bright the sense of its beauty was in her mind; stroking its soft, white, silken petals with hesitating fingers, and eagerly guarding it from every careless movement of the passers-by. After all we learn goodness most interiorly from the delights and loveliness of virtue, than from its moral maxims.

There are so many who need especially this ideal kingdom of innocent pleasure in which one may seek refuge from fretting cares and pain. There are lives so ugly and meagre that they jar upon you with a sense of discord. The sick, the afflicted, the deformed, can find here impersonal grace and vitality and sweetness; the hurt and maimed life here regains a symmetry. Art may be the luxury of the rich, but it is the necessity of the poor. It gives him a melody of which he has not dreamed, loveliness which the meagre outlines of his own days could not suggest, a height and perfectness which nowhere else can he find.* Its most angelic power is in the loving sphere of children which gives the

*See Charles Bradlaugh's lecture on the Republic.

broken toy, and bit of stone an ideal personality and grace, and surrounds them with a distinct world of their own.

This counterbalances also the tendency of the age to the merely intellectual training of the people, and restores the healthfulness and symmetry of culture. It gives back to the emotions and sentiments their true power, and subdues the hurtful pride of self-intelligence—for ideal beauty lies ever beyond ourselves. The artist himself needs the stimulus and support of the common artistic atmosphere. The magnetic fire of human sympathy kindles his conceptions to a higher flame. Was not the Greek audience an inspiration after its kind to the Greek orator? It is from those countries where the common people love music that we gain our great works of musical art, as from Italy and Germany. The ideal temperament shrinks back, chilled and discouraged, when it finds no answering enthusiasm. Without the sunshine in the air the flower cannot unfold its bloom.

We need the influences of art for woman that she may find there an *impersonal* life. If she does not marry, or if she marries unhappily, personal affection will not suffice for her. Nor is it safe, when her feelings have the fullest play, to neglect the training of her intellect, for if neglected, its energy becomes morbid and restless,

its subtlety sinks into trivial and petty cares. And there is in all womanhood the "root capacity for art," which is the love of the beautiful. It will flow out upon flowers and household decoration and choice of color and drapery in dress, in an atmosphere that represses its higher ascent, but it must have scope. The intellect of a woman is not contented with cold and colorless knowledge; in the art life it finds the fullness, the fire, the power it desires, with the restraint, discipline and patience it needs. And as the voice of a woman leads the following choir, so a woman's ideal aspirations should lead men's thoughts.

The perceptions of the beautiful are very closely united with our emotions and our moral faculties. In Raphael it is not radiance of color or purity of outline that holds our heart enchanted, so much as the womanliness of the Mother, the ineffable innocence of the Holy Child. Art has always held the religious thought, the "Church-idea" of the world; it is philosophy which falls into atheism and infidelity. The Greek sculpture sets forth the visible faith of paganism; the Italian painters give us catholicism, John Sebastian Bock and his son utter the belief of the northern church. The true artist sees first the uprightness and vigorous manhood and purity of the classic forms; not

the mere fairness of limb, and muscular force. The essential elements of loveliness are peace and repose of soul, freedom from all evil passions. Even a line is full of moral significance. The flexible and flowing outlines of a curve suggest love and gentleness; a long, straight line speaks of chastity and self-restraint, the circle holds within its oneness the grand thoughts of infinity and eternity. And when the circle swells upward into the cathedral dome the soul seems to rise with it, impressed, it knows not why, with the solemn meaning of its proportions.

In color there is even more visible feeling and significance. The very technicalities of art tell us of coloring as harsh or tender, subdued or violent. In the early schools of art every color of the draperies of the Madonnas had its own separate meaning. As some writer says to change the color of the robe from violet to azure would be like altering the key of a song; the whole character becomes different. In the songs and superstitions of the peasantry, one finds a recognition of the expression of colors, as in the virtues of gems, which are characterized by their hues. Instinctively one feels that truth is suggested by the clear, pure azure, and again in the fresh coolness of green, while the deep, soft crimson and vivid scarlet speak of warm and

passionate love. I never realized the full power of red until I went once in December to the Tropical Gardens at St. Louis. Outside the lawn lay white and still, hushed in the soft silence of snow, and the very air had a grey, cold look. But within the glass buildings, the palm-trees lifted up triumphant boughs against the very roof, the atmosphere was fragrant with the sweet olive of China, and a crimson tropical flower lit up the whole room with warmth. It seemed the very color of life and love. Tennyson, you remember, says of a lover's heart, that though it were long dead—"earth in earth"—it would stir at the sound of the beloved feet, and tremble with life.

"And blossom in purple and red."

The ideal life gives back to the earth a sympathy with the human soul, a flower to strengthen and refresh it. In its light the dumb landscape is eloquent. At the hour of sunset when every house-roof and spire and tree-top glitters against the red horizon, you almost believe that you behold in the clouds shining outlines of a heavenly city.* Or when the wintry frost sparkles like a veil of fine silver over all things that are near, and the fields that are far

*There is in fact such a suggestion in a sunset by Innes.

off lie so soft and white that they seem unreal and full of dreams, you may gain exquisite suggestions of peace and clearness of soul. In this development of spiritual sight and hearing, there is nothing,—not a cool spot of verdure, not a stirring of the wind in the boughs, not a flush of rose at dawn—that does not speak of eternal truths.

CHAPTER II.

THE MATERIALS OF ART.

I. LANDSCAPE.

THE forms of all the arts have their *motifs* in the life of the earth. The vibratory and pulsating tones of music are from sounds in the air; in architecture it is said that the calyx of a flower above its stalk suggested the form of the column and capital. The earliest Egyptian column was simply a lotus stalk, topped by its calyx, and the "lotus is interlaced with infinite grace in the volutes of the Ionic capitals," as the acanthus leaves are used in the Corinthian. Gothic architecture finds its first suggestions in the interwoven traceries and arches of the forest boughs; and from the rich and delicate colors of earth and sky, their tender shades, and pure, white lights, Painting draws its wonderful effects. We group around her scenes a thousand fancies,

subtle, vague, yet full of delight; but it was her winter snow-shower—her moon-lit night in June—that set all the keys a-playing!

The thesaurus of all the arts of Design, of color, of light and shade, and of form, is found here. Paintings in fresco and on canvas, engravings and etchings, sculpture in marble or rare carving in wood-work, Faience, with its brilliant tints and fine enamel, fairy-like designs in mosaic and gems, the deep, full hues of stained glass, and the devices of woven tapestry and laces, all gain color or outline from her stores. From her are drawn the quaint fancies of the Lombard carvers, for Nature also has her grotesque moods—hours seemingly of laughter and jest, with caricatures of human shape, and animals in fleeting cloud-forms, in distorted lines of old trunks of trees and crooked boughs and in mockeries of fantastic shadow-plays. There are cliffs with outline of colossal heads, and mountains which seem to trace a grand form lying beneath a winding-sheet with hands folded and the feet close together. The human soul looks on Nature through the colored light of humanity, and fancies that he sees his own image among her endless devices of grace and richness.

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.”

Every artist, whatever his craft may be, must learn of her teaching. Those who work in gems, the rare intaglio, the pure white designs in cameo, or in metals, the rich gold, the frosted silver, the fiery bronze, iron, which may be cast in strange lightness and intricate grace of shape, must study her forms as closely as the higher artists. Work in these metallic substances, which suggest color without distinctly possessing it,—for the reality of color is lost beside their peculiar characteristic of undulating light and shade,—is a separate Art. Their linked vibrations from bright to dark, their polished surfaces on which the flashing and shimmering rays play as on glancing waves, are won from nature, and are surpassed by her. The darting coils of the serpent, and the burnished scales of the fish, are swifter and more shining than the work of silver or gold-smith.

In Nature also is sounded the key-note of the innumerable myths of sun and moon and stars, of the mother earth in her sorrow and her joy, of the winds and the clouds — (the long-haired swan-maidens and the cattle of Geryon are the rain-clouds,)—the struggle between Night and Dawn, which we find again and again in the stories of the simpler and earlier races. And farther on stories of dark woods and enchanted forests; of dryads and mountain gnomes, songs

and legends alike interlace in another group of sympathetic relations around the thought of the river. There are the boat-songs with the ripple of the waves and the dash of oars ; and the river myths, which would form almost a distinct literature, full of suggestions of cool and shining waters, of rythmical flow, and sudden dark places, as in the sad stories of the Northern Neckar and the Kelpie.

There you find the human story interwoven with the art-form of nature, as you must find it indeed in every high and noble work of art. Unconsciously sometimes the human history traces itself line by line in the workman's daily work, as in the old carved cabinet of ebony.

“Some old Venetian wrought his life
In its quaint, countless vagaries ;
Its ebon fronts with hints are rife
Of friends, of foes, of children, wife,
A Satyr's face—and now a Mary's,”

The higher thought always rules the mechanical work of the practiced hands ; just as when a musician plays his mood sways the almost unnoticed motion of his fingers upon the ivory keys, and mars or increases the delicacy and pathos of his touch. The divine hunger and thirst of the soul cannot be satisfied with outward form and color. Everywhere it seeks a higher thought.

Even in Nature the human mind desires and beholds something of the spiritual and eternal. You look away to the grand mountains which arise between the earth and the heavens, and the cares and anxieties of your little day insensibly lessen and recede like yonder dwarfed figures. They say unto you, “wait—all things wait for the final perfection.” Involuntarily your hands fold themselves in deep tranquillity, and your soul comforts itself in peace. 4

Or you stand upon their jutting slope, and look down. There sleep the green fields, there winds the river with the bridge and its reflection,—a shining circle in the red sunset, through which a little boat drifts, while the rowers lean idly on their oars,—there rise cool woods, hiding deep in shadowy places their still pools and banks of ferns, there wanders a sheep-path over the distant hills. Each has some hint, some half-open scene, some scarce-spoken word. And they say to you “Hope:—life has for you such unseen gifts.” And your pulses quicken; with a half sigh the depression is gone from your spirit and you hope.

But Nature has also its separate life, its individuality, its caprice and its mockeries, its deep emotions. It is a different life from the life which is *you*. Its thrilling chords echo yours, but are distinct. It is a thought on the *outside*

of humanity. Beirstadt tells us in the "Black Hills" of one of its phases of passionate life. You look at the painting, and you see first a lonely pool of water in the prairie, gleaming white lights on its surface, which first seem cold, but afterward the red fires of the sunset glow visibly through them. A large buffalo stands near it. A storm is rising; you notice now that the dark clouds are tossing up; you watch and wait, and then you *see* the wind shivering in the long, thin grasses, and stirring the boughs of expectant trees. The storm comes into the picture apparently while you look. You see its coming, its movement, its sweep, its growth,—a living storm! There are artists who give you other pictures, where you see a different mood, in which the earth seems to rest and be quiet. These will be quiet, sunny landscapes, lighted by flushed morning airs; the foregrounds, meadows, or tranquil slopes with cattle feeding upon them. You fancy the far-off tinkling of sheep bells, and a wanderer who dreams of home as he walks.

The separate life of the earth gives us one of the greatest sources of pleasure,—one which we cannot find in the human conception, where the beauty is associated with long processes of thought and irksome and minute labor,—its spontaneousness. If you are tired, you have but to turn

your footsteps to the green woods, and lo, all its leaves are glad for you! You look at the stream, and behold at a glance its smooth flow, and then the headlong leap and rising spray! All the winds and fragrance are there at once. It is living that is complete, whole, spontaneous, —and so like heaven!

Our love for Nature is very different now from the love of past ages; and equally different is our understanding of her beauty. Nature suggests all art-forms, but landscape painting is comparatively a modern art. With all the quick pleasure which the Greeks derived from the outer life, their literature gives us but a narrow outlook into its beauty. Their pictures of it are very beautiful, sunshiny, fresh, full of movement and joyous life, echoing with happy sounds, but not so many, or of so wide a scope as we might find in the pages of one of our modern poets. They are always backgrounds to human figures; we will not find there dark crags, the unending sands of the lonely desert, the gloomy twilight of the woods. The very different life of the ancients rendered this inevitable. Their circumstances and surroundings often remained the same throughout a lifetime and afforded none of the strong contrasts, or the deeper insight into wilder and more solitary nature which our increased facilities for travel have

given us. And the classic was utterly different from the romantic taste, and loved only bright and social scenes. Even the "rough country" where Heracles goes to die, looks out on blue waters, dimpling in the sunlight, and the cliffs are alive with the glancing wings of sea-birds. In the old journeying—the gliding of a boat on a broad river,—the slow windings of an Eastern caravan, the scenery does not change in character for days, or sometimes even weeks; and in the first case, it rarely leaves the haunts of men behind.

Our habit of traveling by railroad has doubtless had its effect—and often an injurious effect,—on the productions of our brains. We are swiftly whirled by rivers, whose green waves flash and foam before you, through mountain-gorges, sombre with yew-trees, by busy towns, and streets peopled by animated, moving figures, on again at night by cone-shaped hills with brown shadows from the cedar trees lying distinct upon the snow, and a phantom-like vision of higher peaks beyond; then the moon rises, and you sweep on, with white clouds overhead, snowy mountains below, and white moonshine everywhere, until the dawn breaks, and you are whirled into the busy life of a waking world again. It is impossible that these often repeated physical sensations, the rush and whirl

of motion, the flying visions, and the tension and whirr of machinery, should not have left their traces on our mental states. As one striking illustration in our literature, mark how replete are the writings of Charles Dickens with the images and cadences which such a strain, such an abnormal excitement of the nervous forces produces. His descriptions, even of the most quiet English landscapes, give you always the sensation of being whirled rapidly by them.

But in our restless lives there are some places where we have lived and rested, and which sink deeply into our hearts. I shall only express a common feeling when I say that the banks of a certain river have been such a place to me, for a river has somewhat more of human individuality and human nearness, than any other object in nature. It has its own vitality, and characteristic color and flow, and peculiar shore-line. The Thames is not like the Dee, nor the Monongahela like the Red river. And it gives a living character to landscapes which would be tame and uninteresting without the freshness of its banks and the shining course of its waters.

A strange net-work of affinities may always be found closely encircling the river-life. The boatmen and raftsmen are as distinct a class as the sailors, and looking off against the horizon

you will see that the hills seem to curve in unison with this flowing current of vitality, and the trees to droop their boughs towards it. When the waters are at a low ebb, as is the case with some rivers that grow more and more shallow, and at last sink away into the earth, the trees will seem to have a thirsty and anxious expression, as they stretch their broad limbs over it, and their trunks bend nearer, and the little green leaves rustle and glance above its waves. Those farthest off turn, as if absolutely drawn along every woody fibre and root by the secret attraction of the running stream. I noticed an old root, tossed out upon a sand-bank which, by some caprice of nature, wore the semblance of a long-necked water-bird, and had, I fancied, a look as if it were peering into the receding waters.

There are very close associations between a river and our life; and in its swift passing, its windings, its fretting against obstacles, and its repose man sees an image of his flowing days. You better understand the yearning instincts of journeying races, when you ascend a high knoll and see the silvery streams hastening towards the river, as it too goes on—" *olme hast, olme rast*"—to the great sea. If you live near the river, you will not forget it; you will think of it at night with the crescent moon and the stars

on its swaying breast, and the cool, dark shadows along its banks; the noises of its rapids will interweave themselves with the whole underflowing consciousness of your life, until you feel the loveliness and significance of the vision —“in the midst of it a river.”

CHAPTER III.

MATERIALS OF ART.

II. FOLK-LORE.

FOLK-LORE has an interest which extends greatly beyond its legitimate province, because it contains within itself the germinal life of many of the arts. The music of Scandinavian and German composers is closely united with the wild legends which the Northern peasants delight to tell and hear. "Der Freischutz" of Weber, reproduces what he himself saw and heard at the target matches and zither playing of the Tyrolese. Wagner's themes are all drawn from old German traditions. "Lohengrin," the "Flying Dutchman," "Hans Sachs von Nuremberg," "Die Walküre," "Rheingold," "The Dusk of the Gods," "Tanhauser," with its wild Vinusberg, and the lovely miracle of the blooming almond-staff; all these, in their

very names, show where the fountains lie, of which the musician has drunk deep. Oratorio, motet and mass are formed from the simple and strong Hebraic themes which have long brooded at the heart of the common people.

If you would comprehend fully the Italian schools of painting, you must study the legends of the Church as they exist among the Italian people. The myths of the early Christian faith are very lovely. There is St. Dorothea and the roses gathered in Paradise, St. Christopher bearing across the swelling flood the Infant Christ, St. George conquering the Dragon, and again St. Margaret, before whose childlike face and lifted palm-branch, the Dragon lies prostrate. There is always conflict, labor and darkness of death, but over all rises the light of a child's innocence, and faith in the supreme love.

The seeds of the epic, the drama, the romance are found also in the ballads and stories of the peasants; and to understand sculpture and its forms, you must seek the Grecian folk-stories, for there you will see the origin of its conceptions, among a people who have lain so near the breasts of the Mother Earth that they have drunk in her vitality and power.

Folk-lore, for the most part, consists of the thoughts of ignorant, but kindly country men and women, and its colors, when vivid, are often

set, mosaic-wise, in lives which would be otherwise tedious and trivial. In the first place, it has the advantage of being so earnestly believed in that its stories come to us as if still warm with the flesh and blood contact of human hands. The imagination and the faith of the homely working people are here fused in one, and crystallize into lovely and poetic forms, as in the Greek fables of the beings who lived in the woods and waters around them. Some of these myths are full of a strong, out-of-door, freedom. There is one figure, for instance, whose gambols and freaks are depicted continually in sculpture and bas-relief, — the Faun. The long-eared Faun of Praxiteles, the Dancing Faun, the Faun and Child, the Satyr who sits down to eat with the astonished peasants; everywhere you meet this familiar, shaggy, and not unfriendly creature, with his hoofs and long ears, rejoicing in a wild, free life of forest and mountain, and seeming not very unlike the primitive man in whose nature the animal desires and instincts are still strong and keen. From the folk-lore of the Greeks also, Art takes another strange race of dual vitality, half beastly, half human, the Centaurs,—savage and violent—forever longing for, and yet forever held aloof from, the sweetness of human companionship and the greatness of human interests.

The metamorphoses of the Gods, and their human loves and semblance, are from the traditions of the masses, and perpetuated by Art in the still repose of the marble and the stone. I do not believe that these myths possessed an interior meaning from the purely Greek mind. All things,—and therefore all words, which are the shadows of things,—possess at the core an ideal life; and if, therefore, you strike upon beautiful and concealed meanings in a work of Art, it does not follow that there is a *conscious* and symmetrical intention on the part of the artist, or poet, to weave these throughout. You may find those of which he has known nothing, *for there is a latent symmetry in thought because of its Divine origin.* If a man tells faithfully the ideas and intuitions which come to him in moods of inspiration, it cannot but result that there will be depths therein beyond his fathoming, and a loveliness larger than the scope of his own vision.

The belief in this latent symmetry is entirely different from the esoteric interpretations of the later Platonists on the one hand, and the more modern theory of “unconscious cerebration” on the other, for I do not consider it a product of the thinker’s brain, acting consciously or otherwise. A thought comes into the mind, how or whence we cannot tell; the same thought

to many, as we may prove by the coincidence of discoveries, inventions, and even poetic conceptions, but more or less of its symmetry is perceived according to the largeness of grasp and delicacy of perception, more or less expressed, in proportion to the facility of language and distinctness of imagination. I think our undefined repugnance to a story with a moral arises partly from this,—we feel that every truth should hold materials for all,—that the artist should find there something of his art, the workman of his work, the lover of his love,—but the narrow line of the moral finites the meaning and rudely breaks off its symmetrical development, and dwarfs its fulness.

There is a very interesting passage in Eckermann's conversations of Goethe, which illustrates how a thought may contain in itself much beyond the apprehension of the thinkers. Eckermann says:—

“Goethe presented me with a lithograph representing the scene where Faust and Mephistopheles, to deliver Margarite from prison, ride through the night mounted on two horses, and pass near a gibbet. Faust rides a black horse, at full gallop, which seems, like his rider to be frightened at the spectres that pass beneath the gibbet. They ride so fast that Faust finds it difficult to keep his seat. They are facing a

high wind, which has blown off Faust's cap, that is held to his neck by a string, and floats at a distance behind him. He turns towards Mephistopheles a face full of anxiety, and seems to wait his reply. Mephistopheles is tranquil, evinces no fear, and demeans himself as a superior being. He is not mounted on a living horse—he dislikes living things. And then he has no need of them—his will suffices to transport him through space as rapidly as the wind. He has a horse only because it is necessary that he should seem to have one. It was sufficient therefore for him to find the skeleton of a horse that still had its skin. This carcass is of a light color, and seems in the darkness, to emit phosphorescent rays. It has neither saddle nor reins, but gallops on without either. The superterrestrial rider turns towards Faust with a careless mien; the wind they are facing does not exist for him or his horse—not a hair of either does it disturb. I confess” said Goethe, “that this conception of the scene (by Delacroix, the artist,) surpasses my own.”

It was not in consonance with the Greek spirit to conceive a spiritual or interior meaning, but it was eminently characteristic of Greek perception and facility to see it when presented by others, and to incorporate it in their own philosophies and religion. There were always

two classes in Greece. The first, superstitious, but quick and graceful in fancy, listened to recitals of the acts and decrees of Zeus, Poseidon, Aphrodite and Apollo, and believed them living and powerful beings, moved by anger, passion and desire like themselves. But not so with the more distinctively intellectual class, to which many of the priesthood belonged. They were men of culture and travel, and as intense light either brightens or blinds the vision according to the strength of the eye, so we find both doubt and denial, and a deeper faith, resulting from their consummate intellectual training. As evidences of the last we have Æschylus, Pindar, Plato and Socrates; and of the first, Sophocles, and Euripides who inveighs with all the force and fire of his "winged words" against the lust and cruelty of the mythical deities of the Pagan world. Euripides indeed boldly says in the "Hecuba," "Aphrodite is mortal's folly," "The Venus that compelled you was your own desire;" and in "Helena,"

"Burnt offerings never filled the idler's store;
Knowledge and insight are the best diviners—ask no more."

This last was written at a time when the common people of Athens still profoundly believed in divination and oracles; and shows the vast chasm between the thoughts of the two classes.

The priests, and many of the young men of Greece were accustomed to travel in the east and in foreign lands to learn new wisdom; and their wisest men received much from the land, where the inner life shone with transfiguring flame, fusing all outward things into symbols of its presence. The change from "the capricious, elemental Zeus of the Iliad" into the venerable God of the "Oresteia" of Æschylus is attributed to the action of Persian thought on Greek culture, and the Persians themselves had been brought in contact with the inspiration of the Hebrew seers. The idea of *voluntary* sacrifice, which marks the later story of Iphigenia, of Hecuba, of Alcestis, of the Phœnissæ, and the Heraclidæ, or the children of Heracles, is, as Froude points out, of Semitic, and not of Greek origin. It was not native to the age of Homer. Iphigenia, he says, is probably Jephthagenia, a Grecized version of Jephthah's daughter. In all these we find the higher life, treading under foot the lower; love conquering the pangs and throes of death for the beloved, a wonderful and beautiful foreshadowing of the Infinite Love of Christ, who was to lay down his life for his enemies also. It is always the fairest, the noblest nature—nearest the Highest—that chooses to go upon this dark and thorny path. Such a thought springs only from a divine revelation; and going

back among all the old myths and religions of the pagan races we find everywhere the thoughts of incarnation and self-sacrifice kept alive so that all lands and people, however dark might be their shadows, held a dream and a prophecy of Christ.

Heracles, the noblest of the Greek characters, is the Hebraic hero, Samson, transmuted into Greek form. Here we find for the first time in classic Art, a thought which sounds in accord with the Germanic spirit,—the Farnese Hercules, “with its aspect of touching and unsatisfied melancholy” breathes the very mood of Dürer’s *Melancholia*,—the sorrow that lies in all completed work, the weariness of human attainment. It is the cry of Ecclesiastes, “I looked on all the works that my hand had wrought, and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.” This is the prison-house where the mightiest must grind; the unsatisfied longing for the higher, the pang of all fulfilled desire which sees the life of its dream ever beyond its grasp, the moan of the son of the Gods to whom the things of time are given. It is the witness of our immortality.

We have spoken before of the myths of the sun, and myths of the storm, but only a race in its infancy is content with these. As man grows, he pierces through this covering of symbols to

the sun of Life, the storm of the Soul. So it was with the Greeks over whose minds the Hebraic visions had brooded. Athene was queen of the Air; true, but she is also the goddess of wisdom. Apollo is the Sun-God, and again the inspirer of the inner vision of prophecy. Different types of mind chose the old myths as centres, around which they wove countless meanings and traditions.

Not to all were the metamorphoses of the God sensual masquerades. When Zeus or Jove, the Ruler and Life of the world, revealed himself to man, each form of manifestation seems to me significant. Semele beheld him in awful flame and fire which consumed the mortal frame. Are we not conscious of thoughts which we dare not dwell upon—of a vitality we dare not closely analyze? Far down in the innermost of every human existence we shall find the fiery and unapproachable presence of life itself, where God dwells, and whoso looks thereon must die. No one who has ever studied his own nature can fail to know, that underneath all action, all conscious thought, all feeling, there is still a life and power which he cannot reach, or influence, or comprehend, and that all the springs of his being flow from thence. The finest processes of our spiritual changes and growth are wholly imperceptible, and sustained by the inner heart of life, which burns within us.

Again, to Aleména does Zeus approach, and he assumes the likeness of a beloved human form. Our revelations of the higher Life come to us also in the heroic lives, the patience, the love of other men and women. Every day, every hour, the power which is above humanity takes up the guise of human lives, and teaches us,—by their forbearance with wrong, by their forgiveness, by their fidelity,—to believe that what is higher than all these will be more loving also. It is through the father and the mother that we first learn of Heaven.

Lower down descends the Life and the Power,

“Counts nothing that it meets with, base,
But lives and loves in every place.”

—in the White Bull and the swan of Europa and Leda,—for the world of beasts and winged creatures holds also somewhat of our ideal and interior life. Else what means the human-headed and winged bulls of Assyrian Art, which symbolize the human wisdom, the swift thought, the mighty strength of their Deities? Or the wonderful creatures, “living natures,” full of exhaustless energy and fire, in the visions and trances of the Hebrew seers? For these saw in ecstatic illumination the inner and living forms of earthly things, which are full of spiritual life and meaning.

Even the inanimate earth and its metals are not devoid of the presence of the "soul of all things," and the shower of living gold descends upon the imprisoned Danae, full of the power of Zeus,

"And looking round about, could she behold
The chamber scattered o'er with shining gold,
That grew, till ankle-deep she stood in it."

• • • • •
"But when again she lifted up her head,
While midmost of the room a taper shone,
A gold robed man there stood."

Without this interior and greater life nothing is created, nothing sustained in being, "for preservation is continual creation;" and there is no form of existence so low that it does not tell somewhat of this to the human soul. By its insight into this deep truth has art used all living creatures, all inanimate things, all colors and lines and lights to repeat its great thoughts of the ideal.

The same process goes on in the traditions of the people. When they think of evil, they picture it as a living form, and give to it the hoofs that trample, and the claws and horns that rend and tear to pieces, and the tail, that marks it as low and brutal. And so we have the dragons of mediæval legends, which fight against the saints, and the monsters of classic

fables, which devour the young men and virgins of the afflicted cities. The Greek mind perceived also the subtle and interior evil, not wholly unfair in outward semblance, which turns into cold and hard lifelessness all the warm and innocent love of human nature, and so we have the head of the Medusa. It appears again and again in the gems and bas-reliefs of the Greeks, and Leonardo da Vinci has given it to us in painting. For he, like Michael Angelo also, was fired by the antique spirit at the first.

There is no representation of a depraved nature more wonderful than this conception of the Medusa, which is so clothed to us with classic grace that we are apt to forget its real origin in the wild stories of the superstitious country-folk of Greece. It is the consummate expression of evil, for in the Láocoön, the man still is distinct from his foe, still struggling against the deadly coil; but here every tress of hair is a moving serpent, stirring with the same life that breaths in the cold and marble-like face. Near the Pitti Palace, at Florence, is one of its most striking portrayals. It is supernatural, womanly, beastly. There is a siren-like and deadly power about the strong stillness of the features; a strange and horrible beauty about its faultless lineaments, the winged and graceful head. But the life of the serpent is incarnated

with the life of the woman, and at one with it. It is the symbol of a soul wholly lost and unclean.

The fairy stories of the German and Anglo-Saxon peasantry are often only surviving fragments of the old Greek myths. The story of Proserpine is transmuted into the tale of the Sleeping Beauty; we find some of the traits of her mother in the bogey which haunts the country side, and the wrinkled fairy godmother who watches over a child at its birth. There is a striking coincidence between the first part of "Beauty and the Beast" and the story of Psyche,—the ill-tempered sisters, the disguise of the beast, and the lonely mansion. The forms of the stories, it is true, change entirely. They are not so artistic or lovely, but they are full of a bright and homely fancy; and their capricious outlines are like those traced on wall and floor by an old-time wood-fire, which kindles the poor and narrow room into a flush of rosy light, and then dies out in mocking, flitting shadows, moving restlessly up and down like things of life. The tiny "gude neibors" with their queer freaks and moonlit merriment, abound in these traditions. We can fancy as we read over the *dramatis personæ* of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" that we have a genuine tavern scene of Shakspeare's own ex-

perience, where the common workmen of the village, the carpenter, the joiner, the bellows-mender, the tailor, the tinker and one Bottom, a weaver, met to drink and gossip, and tell strange stories of Puck, "that frights the maids" and all the fantastic elfin train, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

You see well that those who told these stories and those who listened and believed, were of the rural districts and provinces, simple country folk, like the Grecian peasants, but rougher, more uncouth, and material. Yet they know well all the beautiful "permutations and combinations" by which Dame Nature works out her processes in the sweet-scented spring weather. They know the "fairy favors" on the gold leaves of the tall cow-slips; and the

"Bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips, and the nodding violet grows,"

as well as the fairy wanderers. They have often seen the faint primrose buds appear on the bare and thorny twigs, and the leaves thrust themselves through the brown earth. And the world of fairy spells is always like the Spring,—it is a time of births and transformations and surprises,

"Nothing of it that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

It is a plastic, liquid world, easily moved by the spirit into form, like Prospero's island, and its fair visions. And the stories of its wonders seem to be always told with a smile, so merry are these little ones in their ways and doings.

“Lass uns sehen, wie froh die Götter sind.—(*Goethe.*)

When the tired laborer falls asleep by the roadside, or the unswept hearth, how they delight in surprising him with the finished task, or the granted wish. The dreaming house-maid need not fear, for they troop in through the “glimmering light” of the house,

“By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf and fairy sprite,
Hops as light as bird from brier.”

And straightway the rooms are cleaned, and the bread baked. Very willful too are these tiny godmothers. They are like our pleasures; they will come to us, but we must not seek for them. And here again, you think of a day in early Spring, you have grown so tired of watching bare boughs and flowerless meadows, and you forget it all impatiently, then suddenly, before you can open your eyes, the thrush is singing, every little brook is trickling, the buds burst open in the wet garden beds, the sunshine falls on your hands with a touch that can be felt—

“And whether you look, or whether you listen,
You hear life move, or you see it glisten.”

In these stories you will find no records of civilization and discoveries and inventions.—These are all a nation of child-folk, the annals of the garden era, in the first dynasty of lovers. You may hear the “eternal child-heart” beating under the old and wrinkled form, or the growling beast, that disfigures the enchanted life. There is a deep truth in such stories. There are such disguises all around us. Sometimes it is a cold and unlovely soul with an exquisite mask of flesh and blood,—with eyes that seem so tender, and yet never see you, or your need at all. Then again there are sweet and noble creatures, hidden from sight and touch, and waiting for their time of transformation, like the poor princes and princesses of the fairy tales.

There was a narrow, brown house across the way, where few visitors ever paused, for the place was poor and still, with nothing bright about it but the box of scarlet geraniums that made a spot of burning color on the window-sill, and the grey cat that laid beside it. Here was a poor, little, disfigured child, with features all blurred and scarred, but with a patient heart looking out of the brown eyes, that were so glad at any little word of kindness. This too was a mask, but the enchanter, Death, came at last to her relief with his magic spell of sleep.

Then the angel awoke, and she was so ready to love all, that I think she must have felt an innocent surprise and joy to find herself lovely and beloved.

There is a strange kinship hinted at beneath these histories of change, when it is from the human form to the likeness of the beast. There are other Bottoms with their asses' ears than the weaver on whom the elfin witchery worked its powers. And within us all there is a little world with the plant and brute phases of growth. I suppose in every nature the fox of cunning creeps, the birds, our winged fancies, rise and fly, the serpent of evil desires glides, and the white lamb of innocence cuddles close and warm to its mother's side. Art and the legends of the people tell the same story, the animal natures portray a part of the human life.

In these early myths of the races there is a far closer likeness than in the more elaborate and complex results of the mind. It is here that men are seen most plainly as brothers. From the daffodil-covered meadows by Lake Pergos, to the fields of England that bloom thick with cowslips, does not seem so far. It is the same thought that runs through the witcheries of Circe, the enchantment of Oberon, the wehr-wolves of Sweden, the metempsychosis of India. It is the same yearning of the human

desire for its kind that tells of Tithonus, cold in the gleaming halls of Dawn, and of the changeling who cannot be happy amidst the unhome-like merriment of the elfin kingdom. But every truth is told many times and of diverse tongues. Like King Arthur it does not die of any hurt, but is kept alive,—in some blooming and mystical fancy,—until the full time of its recognition. The great law of “like unto like” reigns; fairy lore is like fairy gold; the soul that is akin to the airy, sunshiny sprites will find the yellow gold and the sparkling gems, while to doubt, or anxiety, or cunning, they are only withered leaves and dry sticks.

For we always know our own. It was no native’s ear that heard the pibroch at Lucknow, but one that had listened to it from infancy. As in the old tale of “Beauty and the Beast” the loving heart will always find its roses blooming even in the midst of winter snows. This story is one of the most picturesque and poetic of all the child-legends. Even now, as I sit watching the great storm of snow in the air, whirling wildly across ships at offing and forest trees inland, drifting so fast, that with shut eyes I still seem to see it whirling past me in the dark,—even now I can fancy that lonely and benighted journey. Across the moors, for nothing is so desolate as a long, level stretch

of barren land in the dusk, and after the weary traveler cries the wind. He sees the lighted house, and enters half afraid at the silence and light which hold in twin state the vacant room. No shadow falls on the wall, no step echos on the stair, and yet there is a table spread, the fire, the bed made ready. And when dawn breaks across the snowy waste, there is the garden with its fragrant roses, greeting him like a vision. Ah, we cannot do without the child-like wisdom of these old stories of fairy-land !

He who comes in sympathy with the woods, will find in their silences and rustling boughs—the swift start of birds from their nests—the splash and drip of the water—a truer Egeria than Numa saw. At early dawn the grey shadows seem like fawns or homadryads startled from their lair as they steal away into the twilight of thicker trees. The dark, quiet stream that slowly flows and winds by banks of ferns, will all at once fall with fresh trickling—as if singing low to itself—and glance out of sight in a thousand netted lights and shadows, is sweeter than any water-nymph of Arcady. For even a forest is not dumb when a human heart asks, and the revelation waits only for the eyes of the seer.

CHAPTER IV.

SUGGESTIONS OF ARCHITECTURE.

WHEN once the earth and man are given, we must have homes, so architecture, which is at once an art and a necessity, arises. It also has its ideal and inner meaning. Apart from the artistic delight in symmetrical proportion and elaborate workmanship, there is a certain expression in every building which unconsciously acts upon the sensibility. Some houses have a frowning exterior, while others seem to love and welcome us, and bid us come farther and farther on, through open doors and wide halls, and sunny suites of rooms. For the builders have built after the form of their own souls,—although indeed both the recognition and the expression of the thought may be undefined and unconscious. We *feel* rather than think, that a certain arrangement of wood and

stone,—that curve, that swelling arch, that soft grey hue,—says something that is lovely to our souls, while the same materials, lines and colors, disposed by another master, jar upon our perceptions as disonant and false.

The architectures of all races tell their histories and capacities; and the human types of thought and desire are wrought out in rafter and beam, architrave and cornice. Climatic necessities indeed induce form,—as the peaked roof of the Swiss *chalêt*, and the Gothic buttress and gable, used for protection against the snow,—and modify the use of color and ornament, but they do not effect its expression except as they act upon the characters of the architects through the subtle power of circumstance and routine. The same severe and rigorous climate which necessitates the darker and heavier buildings of the north, renders the northern races men of contest and endurance, as we have found them in our study of the Germanic ideal. Every building, whether it be cathedral or temple, mosque or parthenon, university or warehouse, palace or hut, is some human thought of religion, government, culture, trade or domestic life, expressed in form, and this form will be grand, graceful and pure, or grovelling, meagre and uncouth, according to the conceptions of the designer and architects.

Let us return, for instance, to the middle ages. It is the period of feudalism, and the ideal of leadership is force. The Ajax and Achilles of the Homeric epic, with their muscular strength and activity, and their strong animal spirits, would have been first among the free-booters of the middle ages as they were among the combatants of the Trojan siege. For the men of brute force and energy who, under the complex conditions of modern civilization fall into the rear ranks as pugilists, draymen, blacksmiths, are the leaders and heroes of the rougher and more primitive life. As the exponent of such a society, arises the castle, which was the characteristic form of architecture in the middle ages. It has its watch-tower, looking abroad for the foe; instead of windows are narrow loop holes, and slits in the walls, through which an arrow may be sent on its deadly errand, its thick and barred doors for resistance, its postern for a sally amidst a besieging force, and its draw-bridge to cover a retreat. Its whole dark structure is thrown into fierce projections and angles and "buttressed by threatening towers, half emerging from and half incorporated into the mass." It is guarded by outworks, moat and barbican. Afar off crouches the village at its foot. "Small, black, scared-looking houses, huddled together like frightened children in the

dark, with warped, crooked roofs, and low walls, leaning and bulging under some enormous pressure. It seems as if the very shadow of the castle, which lies black and solid upon them, and stretches far beyond, was flattening and crushing them to the earth." Dark banners hang from the towers, the gate is surmounted with the heads of wild boars and wolves. Even the localities chosen for these buildings are the wildest that nature could offer; hills, bristling with crags and seamed with ravines or harsh precipices.

Does not this background tell us all? Do we not read the rough, fierce life of the men who dwell here, their deeds of violence and oppression, their lack of all mental sweetness and light? The old chronicles are full of their exploits and their struggles with each other for precedence and booty. It is true that even in this dark and unquiet period there were still good and beautiful lives and high ideals, but this was its dark side, and it has left its traces in wood and stone and the work of man's hands. The religious idea alone rose up against it, as a shelter and a defense for those who were oppressed and forsaken,—like the visible heavens which stretch themselves, with all their sunny and azure light unchanged, pityingly over earth's wintriest landscapes. The thoughts of faith

and worship are embodied in the cathedrals of Southern Europe most beautifully. Some writer, speaking of the symbolism of form, says that "an instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches with spires and steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent fingers to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich, but rainy sunset, appear like pyramids of flame burning heavenwards."

On the wide plains of Lombardy, when the daylight first broke, the Italian peasant saw the far-off pinnacles rise in swift ascent, and the great cathedral roof shine in mid-air like a visible glory. Matins and Vespers floated down to the wayfarer with all the sweet sayings of eternal blessedness, and as evening came on, and the homes of men were everywhere hidden away in purple mists and vapors, this gleamed with the last rays of the golden sunset. However monotonous and hard and meagre might be the personal life, here was set a sign which lifted the soul up silently to a higher region where there was peace.

Nor is there any detail of the Milan cathedral without significance. Workman after workman wrought out with patience and love his best for its adornment. Every carved flower is different, every scroll, or line, shows infinite attention and

care. Master after master consecrated his fairest conceptions to the grand symmetry and richness of the whole. Here is the work of Raphael, these Michael Angelo wrought, this is the mark of Canova's hand, and that is Bernini's. There are three thousand statues in all,—a great multitude. They stand with spear or sword, cross or palm-branch, but the combat and suffering is over, and the victory won. They are of infinite variety, angel and archangel, and the earthly ranks of prophets and martyrs, patriarchs, saints, monks, nuns, hermits and soldiers,—a glorious army. “Wherever there is foothold for a statue, there the statue stands. They look up, they look down, their arms are extended in benediction, or their hands are folded in prayer, but they are of one heart and soul; century after century has placed them here, always with the same instincts of sacrifice and thanksgiving.”

But the thoughts which were expressed in the old cathedral work were not always fair; close beside the saints we find grinning gargoyles and grotesque forms of fiend or brute, carefully wrought out, because it is no one mood of exaltation, or hour of rapture which is dedicated to the Lord's service, but the whole life with its sins and weaknesses, every day and hour, whether beautiful or tedious. And indeed these uncouth forms seem sometimes to quicken the

sense of beauty and love in this supreme and entire consecration, as the dissonant cries of the furies in Gluck's *Orpheus* heighten the pure and lovely melodies which succeed them.

When you have reached the full height of the grand cathedral roofs, and looked down—on powerful and stirring cities—on the busy life of field and plain, spread out before you here as your past shall be in the hereafter; when you gaze on glistening rivers and winding roads stretching far off into the distance, and look up to the white mists and the alps that rise on alps, higher and higher, into the stainless sky, how your heart thrills with the scope of the vision! Strange thoughts come and go, far beyond your power to hold or control, new feelings of wonder and delight sweep, billow-like, over your spirit. Here the artistic and the uncultured nature must equally acknowledge the power of this great thought in form, and its call for faith, sacrifice, and worship to the Most High.

The scope of this work will not leave me space to do more than suggest to you how truthfully architecture presents the capacities and history of a race. The temples of the Greeks breathe the classic spirit; the Moorish palaces of Grenada—now, alas, empty and forsaken—tell the story of the Moors. You see what

manner of men they were ; supreme in all arts of grace and pleasure, of subtle intellect, of chivalry and refinement, but possessing neither strength nor endurance enough to cope with their more barbarous enemies. You can read their natures in their dwellings, so light and graceful, with such intricacy of ornament, such vividness of color. The creamy arabesques, like the richest lace-work, the brilliant red and azure and gold, the many-pillared arcade and corridor, speak of enjoyment, not of conquest or lingering defense.

No less full of meaning in every part are the houses of modern life. It is from the door and the windows—the incoming and the outlook—that our houses gain their most characteristic expression ; and in these we find typified the broader liberality and larger perceptions of our age. Our doors are no longer barred defenses against assailants, but entrances for friend and guest. Instead of the narrow and disproportioned loop-holes—literally meurtrières—of the feudal castle, we have broad and high windows, full of the blessed light of heaven, and opening upon all the loveliness of sky and landscape. Bunyan, you remember, makes an exquisite use of the significance of gates and doors in his quaint and beautiful allegory. There is one passage in his description of the Palace Beautiful

which made a deep impression on me even in childhood. He says, "the pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose windows opened towards the sunrising; the name of the chamber was Peace."

A German artist gives us a picture of the Infant Child and his Mother, standing in the middle of an open door; and by this simple image a grand and lovely conception of the Incarnation is attained, for it was the out-coming of divine life, the opening between earth and heaven.

The roof, and the hearth-stone around which the ancients wove the supernatural and sacred guardianship of the Lares are full of innermost and beautiful meanings. All the sanctity of hospitality, faithfulness, charity, filial piety, the love of offspring, cluster around these, and make their very names the signs of all the virtues and powers of household life. The roof that sheltered you—the hearths of your fathers, are words that touch all loyal natures deeply, and would nerve the weakest arm into strength for their defense. This religion of the household is as old as life; it begins with the beloved touch of the mother's breast, and ends only with the faithful bosom upon which we die.

A very natural and lovely symbolism is associated with the stairway as the communication

between the higher and the lower. Some author writes of the stairs of the unforgettable past, by which we return into old states of sympathy, or gather again into our keeping the treasures of vanished years. And I think some dim under-perception of a meaning—a half-pathetic hint of growth—comes to the most imaginative of us all as we watch some little creature of two years old, climbing slowly with the aid of its dimpled hands from stair to stair.

There is a little poem by Browning in which he speaks of our life itself “as the house we inhabit together,” and with fanciful grace describes the seeking of human nature for its full completion, which continually eludes the seeker, although he range

“The wide house from the wing to the center.”

Only the vague sense of a presence that has just escaped—the lingering of a perfume—the fluttering fold of a robe as it disappears—is seen, and even while he importunately explores alcove and corridor, the twilight descends in disappointment and failure.

The image of a stately palace seized by riotous revelers, who sack its noble rooms of their treasures by the fitful light of torches, has been finely used by Poe to depict the state of a diseased mind beset with wild fancies. In the di-

vine word indeed the temple—the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—is used to express the spiritual life of man in glory ; as the ruined palaces of the prophecies describe the ruins wrought by evils and falses. There are in truth very few symbols which possess more pathos than the deserted house—the body from which life and thought have gone away, leaving behind them only loneliness, silence and decay.

Architecture has a close kinship with music—a fact which the Greeks seized with their usual quick perception, and expressed by the story of Amphion's lyre, whose music moved the walls of hundred-gated Thebes, and the rising of Troy into towers at the wild, sweet song of Apollo. When the rolling sounds of the grand mass swell upward, the dome and spreading aisles seem only their crystallization in form, for by some subtle connection music, in its returning spirals and long-flowing curves and ascent, always suggests form. In some dim mental region far down these two arts intermingle, and sound floats into vision, and vision breaths of sound in that harmony, which is the soul of each.

CHAPTER V.

SCULPTURE.

BUT if the cathedral is "frozen music," no less truly is the statue, silence. We find this expression especially strong in one of the earliest periods of sculpture—in the old land of the Nile, where the grand temples of Luxor and Karnac rose, and where the sphinx keeps watch and ward forever over the desert sands. The Egyptian statue more closely approaches the immobile contour of the stone than the un-resting life in whose image it is carved. Always of great size, and at times—as in Memnon—grandly tranquil and beautiful in expression, the figure seems to sit as one of a mighty conclave of alien Gods, wholly disregarding of the little Earth on which he deigns to rest. The attitude is unvarying; behind rises a pilaster inscribed with hieroglyphic characters, the head looks straight forward, the lower limbs are perpen-

dicular and apart, the arms are close to the side, and on either knee rests an open hand. Life is not upon the face—nor even death, which implies a life that has existed—but rather the lifelessness of still mountains, the waiting of the dumb earth, the deification of a material and inanimate nature. We feel their strange power with awe-stricken wonder, but there is no delight or tenderness in our gaze.

In strong contrast with this fixed imagery is the Greek world of sculpture, where every theme is full of vigor, movement, life, yet, here too is the pause, the silence; it is movement that is arrested, it is life that is hushed. You find among the Greek statues wrestlers and gladiators, athletic and upright youths preparing for exercise—the wild revelries of Centaurs and Bacchantes—Fauns, who blow on their pipes, or talking amicably with nymphs and men—a charming little Faun, who stoops down to draw a thorn from his foot—a drunken Silenus, who reels as he walks—Hercules as the strong hero with his club and the skin of a wild beast fastened around his neck by the claws. Here too are the Gods; the arch and child-like figure of the young Mercury—the loves of Cupid and Psyche—Ganymede and Jove's eagle. You see Venus crouching down as one who stoops to conquer, the Venus Victrix, queenly, triumphant,

beautiful with all the charms of earthly beauty, but always self-centred, self-regarding, always with a calm scorn upon her lovely lips. There are gentler themes than this; there is Hebe, bearing the cup of the Gods with light step and swift grace; there are the child-like and sportive Cupids, who ride on the backs of the lion and centaur, and playfully compel the fierce lioness to drink. Above all, Apollo is pre-eminent, not the inspirer of vision and prophecy, but the immortally strong and beautiful youth, full of nerve and fire, the fullest embodiment of the Hellenic ideal. He is represented in many forms; Apollo Saurocthonos, slaying the lizard; Apollo Belvidere, who discharges his dart at the foe; the young Apollo, playing upon his pipe by the teaching of the old God, Pan; Apollo, resting one arm carelessly about the neck of the fiery and unruly steed which he subdues to his will;—but always in one mood of proud delight in vitality and power.

One can almost imagine the fine and subtle smile with which the Greek sculptor chose such subjects for the silent stone. Their freedom, their sense of joyous life, cannot be too highly praised. Mrs. Browning says of some designs in Faience—

“ One might dream the clay
Retained the larvae of the flowers,
They bud so round; the cup, the old Spring way.”

So you feel as if the image had started up spontaneously from the marble, as if the ductile metal had naturally assumed these lovely forms. For you find the same spirit of active life breathing even in the lesser decorations of armor, and of the vases, on which long lines of worshippers move, dancing, bearing ears of corn and fruits, and playing on the flute in honor of Ceres and Bacchus. Homer, in his description of the shield of Achilles, speaks of the "whirling dancers," the nuptial pomp, the torch-bearers, "the rank on rank that backward falls." Every form suggests hurrying footsteps, sound and revelry.

And yet when the distinct and accurate work of the master is over, these stand without breath—without motion—without desire. Beautiful, but still forms—the shadow falls on their patient limbs, the sunshine strikes upon their level brows, storm and lightning, war and civil tumult rage about the sanctuaries of the Gods, and they alone are silent. How strong is the contrast between this immovable art, and the subject it embodies! Mark the strong vigor of the group of the Minotaur, and the torture of Láoocoön, who strives to repress a cry, the life in the writhing serpents of the Medusa. All, though they be very Gods and heroes in the eyes of the worshippers, stop, stand transfixed

forever by the bold hand of the artist. Venus, with all her beguiling grace of swelling breasts and clinging arms, is cold and still; the winged Mercury, a-tip-toe, with the wreathed caduceus in his hand, must pause, though his message be from Olympus, and hushed is the indignant wrath of Apollo. The audacious sense of power, the keen satire, which underlie the tranquillity of the Greek mind, and its unbroken symmetry of purpose, show themselves most strongly in this art, which is the culmination of Hellenic grace.

There is reverence and a noble conception in some of these Greek forms, especially in the works of Phidias, in the statues of the great Zeus, of Pallas Athené. Theseus is a manly and heroic figure; Hercules is wonderful in his great strength and melancholy; the fragment of the Psyche, and the Diana of the Louvre have an exquisite virginity of expression. But the prevailing mood of Greek sculpture is neither reverent nor noble. There were vices which debased Greek civilization, there was no strong moral purpose in their religion, none of the tenderness and sorrow of pity. Their highest apprehensions only grasp human wisdom and power and color; they have no conception of a spiritual life or of a divine character. Their Apollo is base, who turns with bitter words and

rapid footsteps away from the enemy whom his arrow has pierced.

“The true Gods sigh for the cost and the pain—
For the reed that grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.”*

But these are haughty, cruel, hard ; their “fair calm faces” look unmoved on the sufferings of the human race. As Herodotus mournfully says, the most characteristic trait of the Gods seems to be their jealousy of human happiness, or attainment.

So Greek art at its best spoke to the people only of humanity and earthly life, gave them strong men rejoicing in their pride and vigor, young girls and glad children, such forms as they might see in Doric Sparta, or Ionic Athens. You may find such faces and looks now in the procession of the Parthenon, the relievo which extends along the frize of the calla for more than 1000 feet. Here you meet all Athens hurrying to the celebration of the Panathenean festival. You are transported into the midst of the innumerable multitude which advances in two parallel columns along the flanks of the calla. You are jostled as it were, by the crowd,

*Mrs. Browning’s poem of “A Musical Instrument,” containing the story of the God Pan, and his making the musical pipe from the broken reed.

by priests and victims, by virgins, by young men and old, on foot, on horseback and in chariots. You look to the east entrance, for there are the principal actors; or glance behind you to the rear, and see various parties, moving to the right hand or to the left to fall into the ranks of the long procession.

Where will you see such rapidity of line, such grace of contour, such brightness of design, as this art affords you? Despite its graye wants, —wants which underlie all the dark places of Greek life and mythology—it has undying charms of outward beauty. It does not satisfy, but it allures, it does not rest, but it excites, it quickens your powers into new activity. It does not give you the highest life, but opens to you the beauty of the lower in all its richness and fullness. It is no wonder then that it has taken such strong hold upon the minds of men; that Flaxman and Canova were so inspired by this wonderful antique grace, that the Greek bas-relief filled Nicolo Pisano with such rapture, that Thorwaldsen of far-off Copenhagen declares that he was born when he first saw Rome,—“before then,” he says, “I did not exist,”—that even Michael Angelo learned of the Torso.

But the antique and modern worlds lie far apart. In the sculpture of christian civilization

spirit rises above form; and it is in the expression of the face especially, the new life and meaning of the features, that christian art excels. Here again the difference between Greek and Christian thought re-appears. Modern art is distinct from the old, it belongs to a new world and is under new laws. In reaching after higher ideals than the Greek sought, it often disregards the ends which he attained and believed pre-eminent. The Greek never forgets the outward and visible form of the myth; nor the Christian its inner and vital meaning. Sun, moon and sea—art and wisdom and love,—nature and spirit are portrayed by the antique mind as persons; modern thought, using the same personal outlines, transforms them again into spirit and fulness of meaning. The thought of the one is concrete, symmetrical, but limited; of the other, unequal, sometimes harsh in its very passion and strength, but always partaking of the nature of the infinite. The Greek art is the incarnation of all ideas of beauty and grace in form; the Christian is the resurrection of the living soul of meaning out of visible line and substance. The Greek Aphrodite was a beautiful woman; the Venus of later conceptions is the mythic spirit of beauty. The younger Shadoff's *Filatrice* is not, as the Greek artist would have carved her, simply a lovely girl who

is spinning ; it is rather the image of womanhood with her quiet and dreamy work and household life.

Thorwaldsen, the Dane, is steeped to the lips in all thoughts and forms of antique art, but his figures of night and morning are carved poems, full of meanings, too tender and loving to belong to any people save those who have heard that the Lord Christ called the little children unto Him and blessed them.

The Lion of Thorwaldsen—erected to the memory of the Swiss Guard—is not only a noble creature in the pangs of death, but a sign of mighty fidelity, of loyalty that is undying. In the drooping head you behold the renunciation of a noble nature which will not defile itself with loud cries, which, though touched by infinite pains from the pathetic death-stupour that creeps upon him, remains ever reticent, undebased, royal.

Although you cannot perhaps define the difference to yourself in words, yet you always feel how unlike are the impulses and influences of the two arts. The Greek art delights, the Christian art exalts. Before the Apollo Belvidere, it is said that one involuntarily draws a freer breath, and lifts himself to his full height ; but when you enter into the presence of Angelo's work—if you see there what the master con-

ceived—your spirit bows within you, you forget that you are. Its greatness dwarfs all outer fairness, and you behold it with the vision of the spirit rather than the eyes of the flesh. The mighty and prophetic fragment of the Brutus, the grand and incomplete figures of Night and Day, Twilight and Dawn, Moses, the incarnated law, with the unearthly horns, symbolic of power, upon his awful brow, are thoughts which could only have been born in the uplifted isolation and stillness of that great soul, which “soared to seek ideal form” above all worldly ambitions and phantasies. His *Pietà*, or the Virgin with the dead Saviour, passes the bounds of human emotion,—as there is a point at which the dying shed no tears, so this is beyond all pathos—it is death which has put on immortality.

You hear amid all the conceptions and imagery of sculpture, the faint, slow minor of the thought of death. This is necessarily so, from the cold, white, rigid stone in which the idea is wrought, and the unmoving silence of the isolated group, or figure. We are accustomed to associate the absence of vital color, and the detachment from all back-ground or accessories,—the being cut off, as it were from all other forms—very closely with the cessation of life. But here there is again an immeasurable growth in

the christian thought. We have left behind us Acheron and Cocytus, the river of fire, the dark Lethe, which rolled their sullen waves through Erebus, or the vague shadows of the more peaceful Elysium. Homer's awful vision of the ghosts which crowd down to the brink of the river of blood, of which they must drink ere they speak with a human being, is no longer possible; and even the gentler images of the later phrase of Hellenic thought are past. The sleep, the broken flowers, the extinguished flame of the inverted torch, do not tell us all. The child, in Charles Dickens' beautiful story, who goes up on the high roof, far above the working and the crying of the people in the close dark streets, and sees the clouds rushing on overhead, and the golden arrows pointing at the mountains in the sky from which the wind comes, feels it as an expression of the final change—a sign of what this may bring to the hurt, maimed and unlovely lives which the Greek thought so carelessly thrusts out of sight and hope.

All growth is indeed through perpetual processes of death, which at last merge themselves in life. This rising out of the hard crust or shell, this casting off the useless slough of worn out matter, is an inherent element of vitality, the fuel of death which feeds the burning flame.

The ear of corn, says the parable, could not put forth its blade and harvest, except first it die, for the very thought of development contains an idea of something that is left behind—that is put aside. The very introduction of the christian faith among the proud, willful, *insouciant* lives of the Pagan world, was like a perpetual dying, through which the soul grew with pangs that seemed to rend it in twain. But after the hard renunciation and humility and pain came at last the new life of peace.

In all nature, in all human lives, under some form or other, we find this thought of death which sculpture expresses. It is in the cold silence of winter when the earth rests—swathed, and bound hand and foot like Lazarus in his cerements—while the flakes drift white and fast over the moor and pleasance, “lying equal in one snow.” It is seen in the gradual dying of old age, when the man and woman fold their hands at last in still patience, and humbly waiting, behold at last the boundaries of the earth touch the heavens, that used to seem so far. It is a great consecration, it lifts up our best loved out of all reach of injury, of change or falsehood. And within the center of each household life lies the remembrance of some little child which has been taken away in the innocence of its early morning. About that affection cling the

innermost conceptions of human peace and tenderness and undefiled truth. If we have done wrong, if we have judged any harshly, if we have disquieted our day with restless ambitions, we have only to return into the presence of that stainless memory ;—there we believe and love, there we are sorry—thinking of the fair dead child, tears wash all our stains out of sight, and we humbly pray that we may be kept back from the sins which would bar us from the sight of its face in Paradise.

CHAPTER VI.

PICTURES, AND THE PAINTER.

ALL things hold a picture for eyes that have the power to see. The merest chance, or incident,—the light that falls on a young girl's head framed in by the dark—an opening between thick oak-boughs—two beggars who eat their noon-day meal by the roadside—anything suffices to reveal it.

For no one ever *makes* a picture, or a poem. The symmetry and beauty are there, and our part is only to train the eyes to see and the ears to hear, and the hands to reproduce the vision and the word. The great central wisdom within all—the Divine Mind—quickens the thoughts of humanity, working by faint perceptions, by clearer apprehensions, or glowing visions, according to the degree of its reception. It is the same in different ages, and in different races—as we see in the conceptions of Joseph—Hector—

and King Arthur—lest man should dare to say that it grew with his growth. Man attains to a nearer brightness, and falls away, like his own earth; but the Infinite Sun shines on, vivifying all, bringing forth form and color from the dark, arranging all in order. The artist and philosopher do not originate at their will; they can but study their themes, bring together their materials, and wait; and suddenly out of the brooding shadow leaps a conception, beautiful and strong. The inspiration comes in many ways to many minds; to some a grand thought, a picture, a statue, a dome, a symphony—to others, not the least noble, a just act, a strong faith, an ardent love—a life.

But none who attain, ever dream that it is of themselves; they know it as inspiration, a revealed glory. There is a "power that worketh in us to will and to do," as is testified by the vivid experience of all brave and pure lives. Artists and thinkers wait for the moment and the mood—the moving of the spirit—the *afflatus*. Beethoven wrote from the harmonies within; when Haydn heard his wonderful passage in the "Creation"—*And there was light*—rendered for the last time, he lifted up his tremulous hand, and exclaimed, "It comes from Heaven."

But all of us, whether great or small, have known some moments of light and perception.

The chief difference between the Artist and the common man is, that one obtains whole and symmetrical compositions, while the other sees only in parts and fragments. There are few who do not perceive glimpses of the pictures which we, and all things about us, continually form, but this power of vision is so transient, so partial, that we need the intuition of the true artist, he, to whom every face is a study, because he can go back of the common lineaments, and penetrating into mood after mood, into likeness after likeness, find the real man—see the whole Life with its divinest centre.

“Look long enough
 On any peasant's face here, coarse and lined,
 You'll catch Antinous somewhere in that day.
 * * * Then persist,
 And if your apprehensions competent,
 You'll find some fairer Angel at his back,
 As much exceeding him as he the boor.”

We sit, as it were, in our own dark of common and unbeautiful things, until other hands strike a light, and the whole place starts up before us into right proportion and semblance. Yet these were always there.

Millet, the peasant painter of Normandy, is a noble instance of this faculty of vision in a strong and true artistic nature. He gives you

simple and homely figures,—Shearers with their sheep—a sower, who sows his seed—two laborers praying in a tilled field,—and his landscapes are a fitting background for such as these. The trees that he paints, struggle with a sharp wind, and his land is furrowed and cut through by the ploughshare. But what noble simplicity, what dignity and patience, what unconscious pathos, he reveals to us in this silent daily life of the worker! He opens to us the deep and steadfast forces that move beneath the surface of governments, arts, and creeds, and sustain them.

The true artist does not wait for striking situations, unusual effects of light and shade, for he knows that Art is cognizant of the small as well as the great, that he need only open his eyes to behold what she delights in and seeks.

Study Albrecht Dürer's sketches,—his sketches rather than his completed paintings,—because in them you may see more fully the spontaneous movement in work and play of the artistic spirit. Among the Dürer designs of Angels, Holy Families, noble and beautiful heads, come the following:

Nos. 79, 82. Water-color sketches of flasks and fountains.

No. 72. A bird's wing, carefully finished.

No. 166. A study of sandstone rocks,—6 inches by 8—with minute details.

Nos. 149, 165. A cock's head, two sturgeons in color, a delicate pen and ink sketch of an old tree-trunk.

No. 168. A study of three carrots and a bulrush, faithfully delineated. (Print-room of the British Museum.)

He finds worthy subject in every form of life, in plant or animal, in every human gesture or motion. His No. 180 is only a crayon drawing of two hands clasped, but it tells a story of loyal faith and rest. He sees always,—as the true artist should—what is behind and within. If he had not, do you not think he would have wearied in painting No. 6 in water-color with such minute care and patience? It is only a dead bird, but the shades, tints and colors are rendered with finest truthfulness; even the slight ruffling of the feathers on the throat is given, while you can almost feel the smoothness of the breast. And the life of the bird,—its free spirit and wild haunts are suggested,—else no finish or technical skill, would constitute him a great Artist.

At first, it is simply such a reproduction of single objects, or of one object after another, with associated ideas, which was attempted either in the early stages of art, or in the begin-

ning of the individual artist's career. Afterwards we have groups, more elaborate compositions which require new laws—of form, balance, harmony. In the early Italian paintings the precise following of these gives an altogether quaint stiffness to the orderly arrangement. Some of these artists delighted in ranks and companies, like Bunyan's "shining ones" whom he saw by the river. The balance is evenly adjusted, as in Perugino's Virgin in the National Gallery, with the Angel Michael on the one side, and Raphael on the other. The form terminates in a kind of apex, the central point of interest, the culmination of all, as in Michael Angelo's *wierd Atropos*, with a Fate on the right and on the left hand. Or Leonardo Da Vinci's Last Supper, with the six and six disciples, and the Lord himself as Head of all in Raphael's heavenly Transfiguration. Judgment days, with divided throngs of good and evil, a divine person between angels and men, such were the favorite themes of this school. Opposing forces, with a central point of victory, or loss—there is the dramatic spirit with its antagonism and crisis! Opposition of light and shadow—of curvature and straightness—of differing tones of color, with a chief figure, or light, which decides all. Do you not see that this art also is part of our life, and more

than accurate drawing and vivid color—that these too mean somewhat of us—and that therefore the artist gives up himself for his art?

Vivid color,—I pause here almost with lowered breath, it seems so hard to place before you—having only the interpretation of words in black and white—what this is and means. So hard to tell you anything when others have said so much, and when the words of the greatest fail so utterly by the rich gold and velvety purple leaves of the heart's ease under our feet, or the flash of a white sail on the distant sea! But one thing you must mark, that colors are not in nature, and so not in high art, ever given without discrimination and equilibrium, without what Jean Corot so faithfully studied and depicted in his scenes from the woods around Ville d'Avray—their true values and relations. Black we may leave out entirely, for as Ruskin tells us, all shadows are colored; and then our opposing tones, or perhaps more truly equations, are of the red and gray colors; these suggestive of ardor and movement and flame, the others of coolness, freshness, repose; these grouping themselves in scarlets, and crimsons and violets and golden bronze, the others in silvery white lights, and azure, green and bluish purples. These octaves of color run through our world; as for instance our beechwoods in autumn,

bronze at noon and shaded into purple at twilight, or our maples, with one member of the group placed over against the other in the contrast of their gold and scarlet leaves.

I saw this principle very beautifully illustrated during a visit to Dayton, Ohio, in October. Dayton is a cool, gray looking town, spotlessly clean, with wide side-walks, edged with beautifully colored maple trees, and handsome houses built with fronts of the white Dayton marble; and tapestried from balcony to column by hanging masses of scarlet-leaved vines. There is indeed a secret affinity, a kinship between colors, which delights us when brought together in reciprocal interchange and influence. This is the secret of the beauty of the blended mosaic, or the perfect setting of rare gems. Instinctively the artist will light up some heavy and dark drapery with a gleam or border of lighter, but still correlative color. There is also a certain equation which exists between shadows, as well as more distinct colors. On the one side are the brown shadows, deep and rich and dark, which we see under rocks or in close, thick set woods; and on the other the hazy, indistinct, mysterious grays, the effects of fogs and mists and vapor on low lands, or along winding river-shores.

Colors however, are greatly affected by the various media through which we see them.

So far I have spoken only of the solid and distinct earth-colors, which are in a measure permanent and within our reach. But there are also the translucent water-tints of landscapes, reflected from surrounding shores or islands, which the lake and the river hold within their hearts. You know how different is the verdure of the one from the wavering, ineffable verdure of the other, with the shimmering veil of moving waters drawn between. There are also the intense changing, rapturous colors of the skies, with clouds that grow like the walls of the New Jerusalem, under the sunset glow and flame, when the colors of our lower life seem to wake up again,—“secure, inviolate, kindled, living, in the great resurrection of the watching heavens.”

Besides these, there are the colors which belong only to the powers of the air; the ghostly white light of the moon's rays on long stretches of ice; the pale, flickering, dying blue of lightning; the brooding and revengeful red light of a destroying fire.

There are also certain associations which effect our perception of color, and therefore to some extent the varieties of color used in depicting an event, or grouped around a leading figure. They must share the general tone of thought or passion, or the impression will not be one of

harmony. Red means blood to the criminal, but a blush to the lover, and a change in the ruling emotion at once sets both color and form in a different key. The soft, pliant tree-boughs under which the two lovers ride in Dore's illustrations to the "Idyls of the King" are totally unlike the drenched and tormented limbs of the woods in the same artists delineations of Dante's strange worlds. Contrast the colors in Turner's "Burning of the Slave Ship," and in his "Dover Cliffs." In the one they are full of passion and pain, in the other of peace.

You see then that color and form cannot be separated from the spirit and life of a picture—or we learn as little as we should by parting the thought of a poem from its grammatical construction and measure, and retaining only the latter. It is well to understand these, and the different dialects which the Artist uses—speaking sometimes by spaces of light and shade, as in mezzotinting, sometimes only by lines, as did the four great etchers, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Ostade and Claude, or if he chooses rather the richer and fuller language of color, working either in water-colors, or oils, on glass or canvass, or plaster, as in the grand frescoes of Angelo. For each of these means something, and with every translation the design assumes a new attitude, new relations, and groups its colors

afresh. But this meaning is the real and essential Art, and above its *technique*. "The melancholy of the unreturning river"—the tranquillity of green hills, lying fold on fold,—the simplicity of little breaks of the netted stream

"Which with its own self, like an infant plays,"

are more than their accurate likeness and form.

For, as you know that no delineation with Pre-Raphaelite fidelity, of skin, hair, lineaments and wrinkles will form a portrait of a man, unless there is given also the "incessant presence" of the soul,—so you must show the life of a landscape, or a city,—the spirit which fills its curves and colors, or you are no artist. You must feel these as you look, or else it will be more manly and honest to go with avowed preference to your wharves and storehouses and acres, if you understand the busy, active life of these. For Art is here, is indeed everywhere, only one should not falsely force himself into the presence of any one alien form of it. If you honestly delight in any glimpse of the ideal or spiritual, vouchsafed you anywhere, the faculty of vision will grow.

I wish especially to make you remark the childlike conceptions of Art, that you may see how truly it belongs to our life,—how far it is from being the distant and cold culture which

some imagine it. With the Artists who lived under the shelter of the Catholic Church in Rome, Florence and Milan, you feel as if you had entered among grown-up children, rather than adult men. Naturally so, perhaps you will think since they painted according to the legends of the peasant worshippers and the thoughts of men shut out and cloistered from the atmosphere of the world. But this same child-likeness is found in the arts of other nations. It begins among the Greeks. As a child says,—There is such a person, we know him by his mark,—so they, with their Gods,—Diana and the fawn,—Juno and her peacock,—Jove and his eagle. So too do these who come afterwards; there is St. Agnes, we know her by the lamb,—St. Sebastian, by the cruel arrows,—and that is Our Lady of the mountain hamlet, for has not the artist, a native of this place, likewise painted right cunningly into the picture the wild wood strawberries? For we dedicate to Divine service all, our lowest herbs, our fairest places. Then look at the occupations, the attitudes, the faces of these! In Albrecht Dürer's design of the Virgin with the child at the breast, the two cherubs play with her mantle,—sometimes they sport with kittens and rabbits; in Cimabue's sad Madonna of the Borgo Alegri, the mother, unmindful of adoring angels, gazes

intently on the infant upon her knee as any young Tuscan peasant with her babe; the Child Jesus, in Raphael's early design, is with his little playmate, St. John. Could you have simpler, more child-like ideas than these?

Fra Angelico's Angel with the trumpet,—an altar piece—delights himself in the sound as he floats through the air. The Psyche, with the butterfly poised on her outstretched arm—is not that the wonder of the child at the chrysalis? Only we have learned its meaning. Often a childish remembrance or imagination will unlock for us many a dark saying and symbol. The old Northern proverb of the slow grinding of the mills of the Gods,—the wheel of Michael Angelo's wild Fortune, scattering crowns,—distoff and wheel of the three grim, fixed Fates,—the wheels within wheels, running swiftly, of the Hebraic vision,—you best understand these by returning into the days of your childhood. Do you not recollect the terror, the shrinking back, when your Nurse carried you down to the old mill, and you saw with awed fascination the rush, like a driven thing, of the waters into the deep, dark places underneath,—and the great, black wheel,—inexorably turning, and grinding out the grain? So impossible to change or stop,—so great and strong and dark,—it became to the dilated, frightened eyes of the child, hence-

forth a sign and symbol of immutable, inexorable Force. The conceptions of adult humanity rarely endure; but the symbols which the nations take up, and Art makes fast, are invariably the thoughts of the child. See for instance how differently the two types of mind deal with personality. To his acquaintances a man is too often only a Burgomaster, a Violin-player, a Money-changer, a sign of his office or his work; but to the artist and the child he is more,—the man with the sphere of individual life and love and moods and distates and desires, ever about him, blindly but instinctively perceived, like an odour,—he is a wonder, a mystery, a power. Study Rembrandt's portraits in etching of Jan Six, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, Uytenbogaert, the Gold-weigher, and Raphael's Violin-player, a portrait of himself, and you will understand what I mean. The busy, active work, the dreamy music, are the bases, but far above these arises the impalpable Life of each. The utmost growth man can attain is spiral, back towards the thoughts,—the enlarged, comprehended, and fully realized thoughts of his childhood, which are the deepest and the fairest he will ever come to know. Botticellis' *Paradise* is a true image,—for the little children are ever nearest the Throne and the Light,—farther off are the old and great in earthly honors.

Because of this very spirit of innocence there is among all the artists of whom we read no life more ideal or beautiful than that of Fra Angelico, of San Marco. Many were greater artists: Michael Angelo, unutterably sad and alone, whose work was "a segment of an infinite art;" Raphael and Da Vinci, Titian, Tintoret, Giorgione, Veronese, with wonderful gifts of colors, brought from dreamy Venice, whose billowy streets flow everywhere, where you hear the tinkling of bells, and your sight is confused by its burning and vivid hues, and the golden sunshine glowing on rich facades of old palaces, all these were surely greater in art, but his life was a fair ideal, purely and beautifully realized. His days were childlike, rounded, joyous; and it is good to rest and look awhile upon such green pastures and still waters in the midst of an evil age. His uneventful life was located in the City of Flowers, through which glances the "arrowy undertide of golden Arno," and he was sheltered by the simple routine of the convent from any outside cares or uncongenial labor. So his pictures bear little impress of the world of secular thought; the face of his St. Dominic—the Inquisitor and teacher of doctrine—is filled only with ecstasy under this mild hand; his angels are like the infant martyrs, who before the heavenly altar—

"Play with the palm and crown."

and Our Lord enters the guest-chamber as a golden-haired, beautiful youth.

One chief beauty of his work was that his art lighted the working-room, the refectory, the cells in which the brotherhood slept, with its images;—for beauty is meant to feed and restore our life. Our days should not be bare of ornament, but like texts from the Word, illuminated with gold and crimson traceries, or church windows, whose rich and rare colors the sunlight throws “like a libation” on the rude paving stones beneath.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MUSIC OF LIFE.

THERE is a fine gradation in our growth. In the dim, sweet days of childhood, Life seems like the musing organist, who beginning

“Doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list.”

Sudden impulses stir our blood, bright thoughts come and go, contradictory natures reveal themselves strangely at variance, and we discern no complete theme. But as years roll on, we hear the thrilling *andante* movements, the strong chords of will, the swift and flying notes of delight, and the long fuque of continuous purpose, and know they blend into accord.

Without haste—with rests and pauses and changing measures—the music of life beats on; and the art of music is antiphonal to this, and

interprets its melodies. The whole of human life has been shattered from its unity, and lies rent and fragmentary,—deep in the dust and dark,” but with sudden perceptions of color and clearness;—dead, but with faint stirrings of possible birth and life. Thence are all the discontents and yearnings with which our days are pierced, and of which music is the longing and pathetic voice.

The very key-note of the art is struck in sorrow. It does not eliminate from its ideal either struggle or temptation, or even the meagreness, which is one of the hardest pains of life, but takes all these into its very nature, and shows the uses of suffering. It is true that at times the soul springs up from the darkness and pain that flow on forever on this earth, and we have such music as Mendelssohn's Spring-songs, the exultation of the chorus,—singing in Haydn's Creations, or the uncontrollable joy of Beethoven's *Scherzo* movements, but these are only the faint breathing of awakening morning airs in comparison with the mighty wind, “*largo e mesto*,” of passion and sorrow. Oratorio, Symphony, Sonata, Motet and Nocturne utter the same language, and even the dance-music has somewhat of pathos and regret. All the songs of the people, negro melodies, “*Volkslieder*,” Scotch airs, are wistful, interrogatory, plaintive.

The epic compositions of Bach and Beethoven, the lyric thoughts of Weber and Schubert and Schumann, the weird, analytic music of Chopin have alike a nameless burden of unrest.

But the highest music does not utter unrelieved sadness, it lifts up the soul, and cleanses it from low desires, breathing into it the breath of its own infinite and eternal life. The deep and tender regret, which such music as Beethoven's lovely Kreutzer or Moonlight Sonatas awaken, is never hopeless or quiescent. The soul, thrilling through every quickened fibre with their celestial sweetness, knows as if by vision, what may yet be possible—the arising of the angelic nature which now sleeps—and foretells through every pang of deathly pain, the last “fine rapture of a spirit delivered from bondage.” Our days may be commonplace and narrow, our work and surroundings of the earth, earthly, but when we hear a grand harmony, straightway all is changed. The spirit casts aside those things which are behind, pressing forward to those that are before—all the incompleteness of the finite life longing for and rejoicing in the fuller and more beautiful completeness, born of temptation and combat, for which we know no higher name than Peace.

We learn the outer form, the science, the art, of music, and beyond all these is still an inner-

most thought, a revelation to the few souls who wait and listen. Do you not recognize in the grand *Eroica* symphony that there is a point at which music grows beyond its place as Art, and reveals itself as passion and life?—as the quivering, eager, passionate aspiration after great deeds and thoughts,—as the invisible and palpable life that stirs in all heroic souls? As Beethoven himself said, “The spirit spake to me, and I wrote.”

You remember the music which shudders and shivers along the nerves in the diabolical part of Mephistopheles in “Faust,”—how it mocks, how it taunts at human pain, how it despairs of heaven? At the very altar, as Margaret prays in anguish, comes the faint, flickering light in which the old days of innocence start up—“Recollect the days before,” and the unearthly notes cause the half-uttered words of supplication to die away. This is the dark agony through which some souls are called to pass in their spiritual descent into Hades. A man has perhaps lived on the surface of life, content with outward forms, satisfied with bodily pleasures, never once lifting his eyes to the grand and silent heavens, which witness against so poor and narrow a life. Suddenly a sharp temptation overcomes him; he slips and falls. Familiar faces turn away from him, familiar voices grow cold, and delight has gone

from his days. In the bitter pain of his darkness and woe, his imaginary earth reels to its foundations beneath his uncertain feet, and the false heavens are darkened over him. For the first time he looks upon the face of his own spirit, and sees himself naked and blind and miserable.

But then the theme changes. The angelic melody, at first low and trembling, begins to thrill along the keys in a sweet and quivering prelude, growing ever more distinct, more beautiful. Then he looks back upon the old self with pity and wonder, as on one lying asleep or dead. And he knows that only thus could his life-music have been evoked; for not without sorrow, not without harsh dissonance, can the highest forms of melody ever be fully revealed to us. The sounds of pure and tender harmonies are most exquisitely felt against the tones of pain, like the perfect fairness of light shining through shadows.

There is in music the delicate and subtle quality of sex,—readily felt, but hard to define. There are songs which are purely womanly, symphonies which are manlike, heroic. Even musical instruments partake of one nature rather than the other. And the violin, above all others in its peculiar flexibility and tenderness, fills the place of a woman's voice in an orchestra.

It inspires more love than all other instruments, it has more pathos and individuality. A connoisseur who possesses a genuine Stradivari or Guarnieri will not allow a profane hand to touch it, and only with reluctance will he allow it to be seen. It is not to the violinist so much as if he played at his own will, but as if there were a soul in the woody fibres which awoke at his touch, and breathed an answer to his thoughts. It is full of its own memories of winds and forests, delicious tones swell suddenly on the enchanted ear, melody seems to float from it as fragrance from an opening rose. Though its owner knows it well, it has no perceptible limitations; there is ever in it an unknown.

The woman's nature and the violin's are alike vibratory, and indeed all parts on stringed instruments seem written to express the feminine soul. Listen to those long vibrations and lovely resonances of the quivering strings,—do they not interpret to you the delicate nature of womanhood! It is full of swaying moods and impulses and prone to changes which no reason can solve. At a breath their light goes out, and the spirit walks alone under grey skies,—or again in an instant the air is full of soft spring sunshine, in which flowers unfold their leaves. The moon of dreams full of glamour, shines

oftenest in their spiritual atmosphere. They hear the sounds of wings, and know not whence they are.

All songs written in a minor key with its pathetic suggestions and sorrowful cadences are feminine, and this fine element even characterizes certain times and measures. You hear it in the rhyme of the waltz. A friend of mine says that all waltzes are either fairy stories or romances, and the changes of their strains are the alternating voices of the man and woman—the lover and beloved—who plead and softly reproach and reply to one another. Indeed, all dance-music has the element of romance, which is the intermingling of the life of man and woman. Only listen, and you will hear the story, or you will see it, for here again, as in the case of architecture, another art strikes deep underground roots into this, and all music has its picture. The waltz is like a summer night in the Southern States, with the winds blowing softly on dark and fragrant gardens, and the far-off noise of waves that beat and beat upon the shore. Through the half-opened windows bars of light stretch out into the dusk, and you catch glimpses of the man and woman as they move; or fragmentary phrases and little snatches of song float out to you.

The Polonaise of Chopin recalls to you rather a scene at Court, where the tessellated marble

floors echo faintly with the tread of the stately dancers in the old court dresses of Poland. And when the strange electric Tarantella sounds, you see the white sands glitter and burn in the intense noon, and the little peasants dancing to the feverish and potent sorceries of its music.

In strange contrast with these is another group of melodies with the tremulous monotone of the spinning-wheel running under them all. These are in gray, neutral tints, with faint lights like those in a November sky before the first fall of snow. A great many composers have delighted in the curiously recurring measure. We have Mendelssohn's *Spinnlied*, *La Tileuse*; Liszt's lovely arrangement of Wagner's spinning-wheel song in the *Flying Dutchman*; Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnenrade*, full of trembling passion and woe; the old Thuringian air of "There was a King in Thule" in Gounod's *Faust*, and the spinning-wheel quartette in the opera of *Martha*.

There seems to be a peculiar charm about these airs with the slow monotonous whirr and click of their measure, and the murmuring undertone of regret. There is an old Scotch ballad which has this refrain, telling of a young girl's quiet life:

"And aye I turned my spinning-wheel,"

As the wheel turned with the ceaseless hum and purr, a thousand vague fancies came and went

in the maiden's heart, in which love had awakened. The yielding of her whole nature to this new emotion is told with quaint terseness and simplicity.

“ I turned no more my spinning-wheel.”

A certain melancholy ring is discernable in all music of this class. It is not the restless fitful despair which “Auld Robin Grey” expresses,

“ I gang like a ghaist, I care na to spin,
I dare na think o’ Jamie, for that wad be a sin,”

It is rather the quiet, but hopeless repetition of a want that has become a part of our nature.

There are many lives like these airs, especially the lives of women in provincial towns and rural districts. So busied with little unnoticed duties, so colorless of outward excitement and hope, so uneventful year after year, winter and summer, that you do not perceive until their silent presence is gone, the full harmony of such a patient, self-denying, gentle existence. While they are here, their lives seem so level and still that you never suspect the swaying and ebbing of the invisible tides within, or the blooming of pure dreams which rough needs perhaps tread daily underfoot. We see only “the dull, set life, and apathetic days,” but they weave themselves at last into sweet, sad dreamy music, full of rests and slow melody.

We would not be so surprised at suffering, says Ballanche, if we knew how much better sorrow was adapted to our nature than pleasure.

But as you cannot thoroughly understand any class of musical compositions unless you understand what part of life it expresses, so neither can you comprehend the works of a great composer, without some knowledge of his life-history. Stradella's passionate love; Chopins' long suspense and unsatisfied desire, the warm friendships, the bright and loving household life of Mendelssohn; the simplicity and unworldliness of Haydn, are all told in their own language of harmony. There we hear the grand faith and sorrow of Beethoven, struggling with a world that understood him not, suffering from desertion and isolation, and the bitterness of the loss of all outer sound and melody, but still so truly the "great master," that even the ignorant peasants and charcoal burners would stand aside, heavily burdened, from his path to let him pass undisturbed. Schumann's wild, sweet, fanciful music, reveals his bliss and his anguish, the brooding thought that merged itself in madness; and the music of Handel is worship.

The later part of Handel's life was darkened by the shadow of blindness, an acute grief to a nature of such sensibility and tenderness. It is said that he often wept as he wrote, and that he

composed the accompaniment to "He was despised," with uncontrollable sobs and tears. Angelic harmonies came to him as a sound and a vision; he says of the Hallelujah Chorus "I thought I saw all heaven before me, and the great God himself," and its grand rhymes echo still with the exultation and the rapture.

Music breathes with all the pangs and ecstasies of such souls, it tells of their faith and their desires; it speaks unto souls again; it reconciles us to the falling short of life; it spreads our days before us as an open scroll. It may be more truly said of this than all other arts that man "has gazed long and wistfully at the heavens; he hears in this the murmur of the wings which can bear him thither."

CHAPTER VIII.

POETRY.

THE HEBRAIC PASTORAL—THE GREEK EPIC—THE
GERMAN DRAMA.

POETRY is no less a passion than an art, and its quick tides of life flow through every vein of the artistic creation. Thackeray says of the figure of St. Michael on the castle of St. Angelo, that it is a great sonnet, “set, rhymic, grandiose. Milton wrote in bronze; Virgil polished off his Georgics in marble—sweet, calm shapes! exquisite harmonies in line! As for the Æneid, that I consider to be so many bas-reliefs, mural ornaments, which affect me not much.” Poetry is so fecund with all the germs of beauty that, like the fabled towers of the old city, the statue rises into form, and the picture flashes into color, at the sound of its sweet singing. But as we might divine from its infinite

scope, its own loveliness lies chiefly on the spiritual side ; in all ages have the visions of the poet stretched far on, like sweet sounds cleaving the silence, into spiritual worlds, and summoned before us the august presences of the dead. Pindar and Virgil and Dante wander into a land whereon the earthly sun shines no more ; and every true singer shows to us all things as allied "by issue and by symbol " to the spiritual life beyond our ken.

Poetry draws its life-blood from the passions and desires, the pangs and raptures of humanity, and, therefore, the highest poets are always found closely united with the life of the great central cities of the world. They kindle with this strange luminous atmosphere of thought and influence, which encompasses them like the heat and light thrown out from a large city in the darkness of the night. What is Dante, or his kingdoms of the dead, without his Florence ? The grief of exile withered all his days like a fresh branch cut off from its vital root.

" The tall green poplars grew no longer straight,
Whose tops not looked to Troy."

The power of a great city is a wonderful thing ; all vital movements originate here, and flow out more slowly into the rural provinces, retarded there by lingering superstitions and worn-out

faiths. In Germany, while the imperial free towns of the fifteenth century were beginning to stir with the reaction against Rome which Luther embodied, and the arts and sciences in the Italian cities had reached their most fruitful epoch, the country districts were still observing the old Teutonic rites, the remnants of son-worship and fire-worship, in the flames that blazed on every mountain height at midsummer, and the passing of animals through the smoking weedfire. Rome and Florence were the centres of the Renaissance; Paris the heart of the Republics which quickened Nantes, Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Lyons. For fifteen centuries Jerusalem was the City of the Vision of Peace, which lay deepest in the soul of all christian civilization, and made the West strong against the East. Henry the Fourth, of England, died "desiring to go unto Jerusalem;" and her walls and towers were sacred for a hundred alien and hostile races. Wherever the thoughts of humanity strike root, man also builds, and forms a group, a *congeries*, a society, which makes them enduring powers that grow and ripen through ages.

The scene of one of the earliest and tenderest pastorals—the Hebraic story of Ruth—is laid at the village of Bethlehem, near Jerusalem. This village, afterwards the birthplace of the Shepherd-King and poet, is built on a hill, surrounded

by the dark green fig and gray olive trees, and overlooks a long, narrow valley, through which doubtless the two wanderers came wearily from the land of Moab. It was "in the beginning of barley harvest," and you see in the whole narrative the most primitive form of village life, blended still with the simple and picturesque details of pastoral occupations. The drawing of the water, the threshing floor, the gleanings, the reapers, the kindly and eager interest of the people—"all the city was moved" about the return—the ceremony with the kinsman at the gate, all speak of an early age. The excessive simplicity of the story marks it strongly; the theme is denuded, and the characters are not of heroic type, nor have they, with one exception, either the freshness or joy of youth. The eagerness and grace of love as a passion is not here; it is only a friendship between woman and woman, but so tender, so true, so earnest, that Ruth's "Entreat me not to leave thee" touches still our inmost soul, for there is no greater sin than unfaithfulness.

The Greek life was at one with its cities and the epochs of its history are marked by the fall of the cities of its enemies. When Tyre fell, the East lay open to them; at the fall of Alexandria, Greeks, Romans and Egyptians, the three great races of old civilization, met to-

gether ; while with the fall of Troy, the Greek world began, evolved by a common cause out of a multitude of petty kings and chiefs, with their armed followers. The tale of Troy is the one unapproachable epic of all ages, and its characters still move us with their wonderful force and fire. The gathering of the troops, the sailing of the ships, is at Aulis. The Achaian chiefs, of noble form and stature, are men of fierce characters, but capable of generous and unselfish deeds and strong friendships. First is Achilles, beautiful and glorious, whose prowess is described in colossal outlines, at whose approach an army trembles, and whom at last Apollo himself slays, he having chosen a brave death before Troy rather than a long and inglorious life in Phthia. With him comes Patroclus, his friend ; Ajax, noblest in form after Achilles, and his brother Teucer, the venerable Nestor with his two sons, the two friends, Diomedes and Sthenelus ; the crafty and eloquent Ulysses ; Agememnon the leader, and a long line of allies and companions in arms.

Ten years is Troy besieged, for it is rather a walled fortress for defense than a great city. It is sacred Troy, the handiwork of primitive builders,* placed upon a height whence the hamlets around which furnish soldiers at its call, lie in

*See Gladstone's articles on Homer.

full view. Its beetling site and "wind-swept" towers, are plainly seen by the allies as they journey towards it from Thrace, Mysia, Lycia and Phrygia, and the thousand watch-fires blazing on the Trojan heights, shine upon the Amazons and upon Memnon the beautiful sun of the Dawn, as they wend their way hither. The life of Troy is like that of the German *Freiherren*, or free Barons of the fifteenth century; but with the addition of Asiatic traits, for the spacious palace of Priam—necessarily spacious—contains his fifty sons and their families, and his wives and daughters unmentioned save Hecuba and Cassandra, who, with wild eyes and dilated nostrils presages woe to the unlistening city. Across this barbarous and sensual life, the tender idyls of Denone, and of Hector, and Andromache, true married lovers, come like the soft breathing of a flute across the clangor of trumpets.

Around the marvelous old beleaguered city the long siege ebbbed and flowed with all the changes of war, and there was dissension on its behalf in the council halls of the Gods. Zeus and Appollo fight for the besieged but fitfully; while Juno or Heré, jealous and strong-willed, "on whose inner heart is written in deep characters the Achaian name," works with untiring energy and unfailing sympathy, and wins the conflict. Troy is no more!

The Homeric poets feel strongly the life of a great city, of men working together, and this influence tingles through every line and phrase.

They were probably Achaïans, who do not seem to have felt the same pleasure in nature which marked the Ionians and other Greeks. The sea lay before them and the sky above, but the tumultuous beating of the waves, and drifting clouds, were disregarded for the human beings on the plain below the city, who fought, suffered, rejoiced—and alas! died beneath some sudden and sharp stroke of the foeman! They cared for humanity; not for nature, or the Gods overmuch in comparison with Hector and Achilles, for the stature of their heroes, dwarfs, even their deities.

The village of Bethlehem, the fortress of Troy, were rather different periods of the city's growth than the city itself. That we might have seen in the mediæval towns of Germany, with high walls, through whose loopholes the river gleams and steeple-like gate towers, guarding the heavy bridge, and domes and spires rising into the sky, from which come the reverberations of deep-toned bells. Outside on the dark mountains lie the fabled *Walpureis-Nacht* world, with gnomes and witches, and unhallowed things, but here is the broad noon of every-day thought. The streets are crowded with peasants, soldiers, students,

lovers singing before the windows of their chosen maidens, men drinking and carousing in taverns, and from the open cathedral doors break across the din the awful notes of the "*Dies Iræ*,"

"Quaerens me sedisti lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus."

In such a town Goethe lived, and he places here the scene of his mighty drama "Faust," which vibrates with the spell of these familiar and closely blended lives, that form the warp and woof of the web the *Pargæ* weave. Like "Job," like "Hamlet," it deals with humanity rather than man, and like them also is profoundly sad. Faust perpetually broods over the problem of life, its inner freedom and "encompassing necessity," which no philosophy can touch, a problem full of antagonisms and desires, of unfulfillment and satiety; and by his side walks Mephistopheles, the false spirit of doubt, jeering and deriding all. The simple and touching character of Margaret is seldom brought into contact with him, for in her we see the force of love, which has no affinity with doubt, but works out its deliverance with agony, and is brought at last into light and peace.

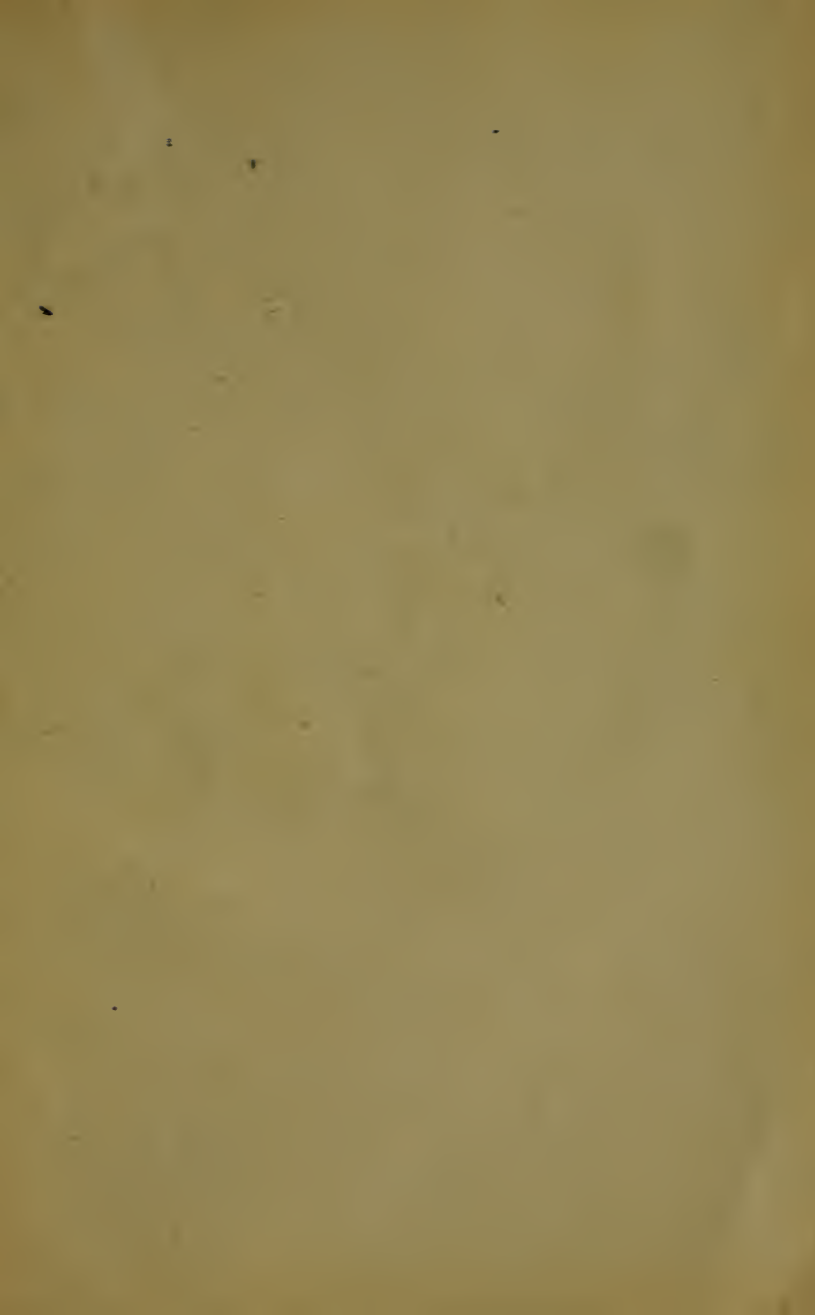
Our life returns ever upon itself as it grows, and our first states of innocence nourish all the

nobility we afterwards achieve. All poetic fire and loveliness of line, color and melody, all national attainments and governments, are only good as they minister to the growth of character, and it is individual character in which they find their mainspring,—in household life and service. We gather our fairest and most complete interpretations of the ideal life from the lives of those we love, and the memories of our dead ; and these, forever mingling their sweet waters and dark waves, are the fountains from which all human thoughts and deeds flow.

THE END.







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